

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 2.]

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1821.

[VOL. IX.

(From the English Magazines, &c.)

ON AMERICANISMS, WITH A FRAGMENT OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC PASTORAL.

"Our mountains are Andes, our rivers are grandees,
Our country abounds with diversified wonders."

American Song.

'I SUPPOSE, Sir,' said a London shopkeeper to the Earl of Marchmont, 'I suppose, Sir, you are an American.' 'Why so, Sir?' said his lordship. 'Because, Sir,' replied the shopkeeper, 'you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America.'

This is related by Boswell; and since that time, the Americans have been gradually making a decided progress towards the formation of a separate language.

Amongst all the mutable things of earth, language is perhaps the most unstable. Governments, manners, fashions, rise, flourish, and fade, but they revive again, the same in form and mould: a language once changed or perished, can never resume its original character, or live again in its ancient shape. The change in language is certainly very gradual, but it is very sure: and though this progress may be accelerated by adventitious circumstances, centuries may frequently intervene before we perceive any radical alteration. Where the people who have formed one nation become divided into separate states, these discrepancies in lan-

guage become the more remarkable—like waters of a large stream, which flowing through the same channel are of one hue and clearness, but when separated into different courses become tinged with various colours, according to the nature of the channels through which they pass. Had America still continued a colony of England, the change would have been more gradual, but still it would have taken place; for we cannot suppose it possible that two countries so far distant from each other, though united by the same government, could have preserved the extensive and constant intercourse on which a community of language must always depend. The independence of America accelerated the change; and amongst the other privileges which her inhabitants claim, as the consequence of such emancipation, is the right to *make new words*.

The Americans have accordingly thought proper to exercise their ingenuity in this manner; and it will not perhaps be unentertaining to trace the progress they have made in the improvement of the English tongue. The task has certainly been begun, and will as certainly proceed, till the day arrives

when Englishmen will read the works of some descendant of Cadwallader Colden, *done* into English from the original American : or according to the anticipation of Mr. Pickering, in his Essay on Americanisms, "when Americans shall no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison, and other English writers, justly styled classical, without the aid of a translation into a language that is to be called at some future day the American tongue." It is not necessary to say who would be the losers in such an event.

The Americans have not, however, confined themselves to the coinage of new words, but they have retained the use of many which are obsolete amongst us, and to others they have attached new meanings. The taste for these useless innovations is said to be on the decline. It is only from the literature of a nation that a correct idea of the language can be formed ; for the conversation of any class of society will not be a sufficient criterion. In the warmth or carelessness of friendly dialogue, words are used which the better judgment of a writer in the retirement of his closet would reject ; and there is no class which is exempt from a certain *slang*, either of fashion or vulgarity. The "Lancashire dialect" would not afford a very accurate specimen of the English language ; and it will not therefore be just to insist on certain representations which some travellers have given of the conversational language of America. The dialogues which Mr. Fearon has recorded, are certainly very facetious, but an American would collect without much difficulty, in almost any county in England, sentences equally ridiculous. In England, however, our authors seldom fail to produce what may be fairly termed English ; but the language of the American writers is not always entitled to the same denomination. The use of words by some persons in a particular sense, to which others attach a different meaning, has sometimes a very ludicrous effect. In this manner the word *awful* is used in America to signify any thing which creates surprise ; and we rather think

that in the Scotch dialect a similar meaning is attached to it. Pickering, in his Vocabulary, tells us that in New England many people would call a disagreeable medicine *awful* ; an ugly woman, an *awful-looking* woman ; a perverse child that disobeys his parents would also be said to behave *awfully*. Indeed every thing that creates surprise is *awful*. What an *awful* wind ! *awful* hill ! *awful* mouth ! *awful* nose ! In a similar manner they pervert the word *balance*, (and, if we are to believe their commercial rivals, the thing itself,) using it for remainder : thus they would say, "I spent a part of the evening at a friend's house, and the *balance* at home. Half the enemy were killed, and the *balance* taken prisoners." What a specimen is this last sentence of the attachment of the Americans to commerce ! Besides giving a new sense to old words, the Americans have been very ingenious in the invention of new ones, some of them formed on the basis of old words, and others of a completely novel nature. Thus, for diminish, Mr. Jefferson uses *belittle* ; an author is called a *composuist* ; instead of a country being compromised, it is *compromitted* ; so we find *Christianization*, *constitutionality*, *consternated*, *customable*, *governmental*, *deputize*, *gubernatorial*, *happifying*, *lengthy*, and a thousand other similar improvements. At the meaning of these words, however, we can make a tolerable guess, for we hear something like them at home ; but when we hear of *reluct*, and *scow*, and *slanguhanger*, and *squigggle*, and *clush*, and *squirm*, it certainly makes us look very *awful*, *Anglicè*, we feel somewhat surprised. We are at the same time reminded of Mr. Leigh Hunt's ship which *swirls* into the bay ; but more respecting our own *naturalization* of these barbarisms another time.

The lines which follow, and which are unfortunately only a fragment, will give a tolerable idea of a few of the slight peculiarities of trans-atlantic phraseology. Should we be enabled to complete our copy, and to obtain the remainder of the eclogues, which we are told amount in number to twelve, we intend to publish them with Souter, of

St. Paul's Church-yard, who imports American books. We have heard that in one of these bucolics, the interlocutors are Mr. Birkbeck and all the Five Nations; while in another, Mr. Flower, a young Chikasi squaw, and a large brown bear contend for the prize of skill in the discovery of honey. We have with much labour and research added some explanatory notes to the pastoral.

FRAGMENT OF AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

A Backwoodsman and a Squatter.¹

2 On Susquehana's banks, where timber brash,
3 Slumps in the flood with many a hideous crash,
Where boatable, she pours her waters bland
Thro' prairies in green 4, and muggy bottom-land 5,
And waters in her course the sloshy swamp
That yields sweet meals of succotash and samp 6,
Two guessing Yankies met 7, slang-whangers both, 8
And men of gumption they 9, and nothing loth
To squal 10 loose jaw, and slam an angry oath;
One a backwoodsman, who with axe and glut 11
Had built himself a handsome 12 clapboard 13 hut;
The other was a squatter, who was bent
From off his neighbour's land to tote a cent 14:
Both kedge and sprigh 15, and men that in a scrouge
Could jeopardize their foes, and neatly gouge. 16
Leaving his chore 17, thus the backwoodsman spoke:
B. So, Jonathan, a very pretty joke!
Are then my bottom-lands so rich and fat,
That you must come and on my prairie squat?
Once in a while 18 it perhaps were no great matter,

1 The people who inhabit to the westward of the Allegany mountains are called Backwoodsmen. Squatters, sometimes called Lumberers, are people who enter on your lands, and don't find it convenient to leave them, like morning visitors who are fond of sitting too long.

2 We think this opens almost as beautifully as the first stanza of Gertrude of Wyoming.

3 "To sink or fall into the water or mud through ice, or any other hard substance."—*Webster's Dic.*

4 A Gallicism—so say the Edinburgh Reviewers.

5 A very expressive word, signifying damp or wet, of which Dr. Johnson gives the following example—
"Cover with muggy straw to keep it moist."

Bottom-lands, rich flat grounds, sometimes called interval land.

6 Samp, boiled maize for feeding little Copper Indian children.

7 Generally called "nasty guessing Yankies."

8 A slang-whanger is properly a newspaper writer, but it signifies any noisy, bullying writer or talker: thus we should say, "the slang-whangers of Blackwood's Magazine."

9 A fine old word signifying intellect.

10 Very similar to the author of Rimini's favourite word *swale*. It is to throw any thing horizontally.

11 A large wooden wedge.—See *Rees's Cyclopædia*.

12 Every thing is *handsome* in America.

13 A narrow board used to cover buildings.—*Web.'s Dict.*

14 To carry off something.

15 Words of infinite meaning. Kedge signifies brisk and lively; *ex. g.* How are you to-day? I guess I'm pretty kedge. Sprigh, we apprehend, is a contraction of sprightly. It is used by a Columbian bard in the following manner.

"Now I chase the butterfly,
Tho' he thinks himself so sprigh."

16 To gouge is an elegant and captivating amusement, on which we may shortly promise ourselves an article in Blackwood, when pugilism is exhausted. The art consists in dexterously "twisting the forefinger in a lock of hair near the temples, and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb-nail, which is suffered to grow long for this purpose."—*Lambert's Travels*, vol. 2. p. 300.—We believe a similar practice used to exist a few years ago in the northern parts of England; but we hope it is now nearly obsolete, unless it be revived by some "young gentleman of the fancy."

17 "A small job, domestic work."—*Web.'s Dict.*

18 In referring to our friend Pickering for an explanation of this phrase, which we find means *sometimes* we were struck with another instance of American ingenuity. A writer in the Cambridge Literary Miscellany, proposes a new preposition (onto) to be used in such phrases as these: "an army marches *onto* a field of battle; a man leaps *onto* a fence." How this new proposition would have pleased Horne Tooke!

To give some mush 19 to some poor likely squatter :
But you're too clitchy 20, so I must confess
I fain would obligate you to progress.

S. Progress ! you think a squatter may be trounced,
And patiently from post to pillar jounced.
But I'm a Yankee too, and to your loss
I'll shew you speedily you're not my boss. 21
Is't not enough to waste my strength and cunning,
Trying to get a scanty meal by gunning,
Wading thro' dismal swamps, and nearly spent,
But you must grudge your countryman a cent ?
I'd have you know it's well I ask no more,
For Mister Jackson, when he gets the floor 22
In Congress, tells us that we are all men
And every Yankee is a citizen.

(*Cætera Desunt.*)

N. Mon. Mag.

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.



AMONG the many excellent and interesting line engravings which have been lately imported by our foreign print-sellers, few have surpassed the one now before us, by a Swiss artist, of which we have given a slight sketch of the principal groupe. The engraving is of a size suitable to a furniture print, and is executed with a beauty fit for any port-folio: but the subject is still more interesting than the picture.

The dog whose portrait is here introduced, was one of that species of Alpine mastiffs, which furnished the subject of Mr. Edwin Landseer's fine picture of a traveller perishing in the

snow, saved by the sagacity of one of the convent dogs, exhibited last year at the British gallery.

This true *philanthropist*, whose name was BARRY, bore by way of decoration and of use, the collar of an order which was renowned for its hospitality and love for mankind. It was neither the collar of the order of the garter, nor of the Bath, nor of the thistle—but bore, instead of the George, the three crowns, or the cross of St. Andrew, a bottle filled with a restorative cordial for the help of necessitous mortals.

The zeal of this philanthropic quadruped, is known to have saved the lives of *forty* unfortunate travellers, who but for his assistance under the direction of the truly christian monks of St. Bernard, must have perished in the dread and dreary wastes of that neighbourhood. If Barry was in time with his succours, he relieved the unfortunate from his bottle, and with the garment which his worthy masters had tied around his body; but if he could not by his warm tongue and breath restore sufficient animation, he returned to the

19 "Food of maize, flour and water, boiled."—*Web's Dict.*

20 *Clitchy*, is clammy, sticky, glutinous, like a poor friend in want of a dinner.

21 This word has baffled the discriminating faculties of the ablest etymologists and lexicographers, and even all the acumen of the *Quarterly Review* has been thrown away upon it in vain. We presume our friend Pickering omitted it in his *Vocabulary* from absolute despair. The curious inquirer will see some remarks on this word in Mr. Fearon's *Sketches*. At the first view it seems undoubtedly to be derived from the Latin, and we immediately recur to the "*bos piger*," but nothing can be farther from the truth, as it does not signify a bullock, but a master: thus an American servant would say, "I guess, Boss, I shall dine with you to-day."

22 This expression is equivalent to our parliamentary phrase of "Getting possession of the House."

convent and brought with the utmost expedition the more efficient assistance of one of the brethren.

The event here represented is when he saved the life of a beautiful child by himself. He found one day in his hospitable excursion, a child, asleep, and almost frozen in a cavern of ice, in the celebrated Glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the child, licked him, awoke him, presented him with his restorative bottle, and carried him on his back to the convent. The event may be anticipated. The child was saved and restored to his disconsolate parents.

When age had diminished the strength of this sagacious animal, who

gives us more than common reason to say with the poet,

"I am a friend to dogs,
For they are honest creatures. They ne'er
Betray their masters, nor fawn on those they do not
love"—

he was sent by the superior of the convent to finish his usefully employed days tranquilly at Berne. His old age was long, happy, and carefully treated. After his death, which was but recently, his body was carefully buried, and his skin stuffed to imitate nature, and with an action resembling life, stands in this state decorated with his collar and bottle in the Museum of Berne.

ANECDOTES OF A PECULIAR FISH AT SARDINAS, ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

Letter from M. de la Moriniere, Inspector of the Fisheries.

I HAVE not to report my having seen the whale on which St. Malo, accompanied by St. Brandan, celebrated mass, at Easter, in the midst of the sea, thinking they had landed on an Island—the fish disappeared as soon as they had taken to their vessel: this is certified by the Rev. Father Albert, Dominican, of Morlaix. Nor can I rehearse any tales respecting the great sea serpent, which for two years, has been seen on the coasts of the United States, to the terror and astonishment of the fishermen of Newport; but I can assure you that on the 28th of October, last, I saw in the Bay of Douarnenez, near Brest, the *pesq-bras* of the Armorican Bretons, or as we commonly call it, the great fish.

This fish is the sovereign master or rather tyrant of the Sardinias; he is swift in the chase and can decimate them at his pleasure: his extreme agility leaves no reason to doubt that his destruction of them is enormous. The fishermen pretend that he is eight feet in length; he may be more, for he has never yet been taken, and they can have but very inaccurate ideas of his proportions. It is moreover evident, that in the state of submersion wherein this fish is visible, at one or more fa-

thoms depth, it is not easy to ascertain the dimensions of his body. The largest Sardinias do not then appear bigger than coffee berries.

Twice the great fish passed within sight of our *Sardiniere* or fishing smack. The wind and sea were calm, and the sun beams were obliquely crossing the upper surface of the water. Twice I saw him dart through the sea with an astonishing velocity. I could distinguish by his false dorsal fins, that he belongs to the genus of scombres, and that each of the fins is encircled with an oval border of an orange colour. This fish is so rapid in his motions, that it requires a very piercing eye to seize the outline of his form, but I have no doubt that it is pretty nearly that of the tunny.

The fishermen affirm that this terrible enemy of the Sardins, who is incessantly on the pursuit and devouring them, never dares come near the nets though even loaded with fish. If he approaches, it is with extreme caution. On these occasions, he even becomes the protector of the Sardinias that are netted, by driving away the porpoise, and various other fishes of prey that would assail them. An extended net to him proves a talisman that checks his

career, and seems to suspend even the voracity of his appetites. In lieu of availing himself of his strength, he retires from a barrier which he dares not break through—and no instance has occurred of a net being torn by one of the great fish. An innate sense of danger makes him circumspect, and he appears content to catch any stragglers that may get loose from the net, and which from the compression, must either be dying, or at least unable to escape.

When the fishermen find a great fish near them, which they know by a particular swell on the surface, they try by all means to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour, whose presence would endanger the success of their labours. They can easily drive away the porpoise, by striking and making a noise with pieces of wood, but the great fish keeps following the boat so constantly, that they are often obliged to pass on to another set of fishers, the sight of

whose net will fix and divert his hostile intentions. In the Breton language, this is called *reita ar pesq-bras*, that is dodging or amusing the great fish.

If this plan be unsuccessful, they push for the land; the great fish still follows, but when the shore gets shallower, as he swims very low, a natural instinct will turn him back, and so they contrive to avoid him.

At Douarnenez, the common opinion is that the great fish cannot be taken with hook and line. If the cord is weak, say they, he will break it, and if strong, he may upset the boat. I am fully aware that the great fish may make a long resistance, but I have little doubt that I could have taken him with a baited line, had I been provided with one. In Norway, they frequently catch the *brygd* or *squalus maximus*, and the shark (*charcharias*) whose strength is far superior to his, and the boats are not upset.

Dec. 1820.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF GENERAL MORILLO,

INCLUDING SOME HISTORICAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE WAR IN SPANISH AMERICA.

(Monthly Magazine.)

THE political and military occurrences in South America, have a tendency to promote the influence of civilization, in the vast regions of that continent. Its ultimate issue will be alike favourable to commerce and industry, to the arts and sciences, to the rights of nations and those of humanity.

General Morillo, the modern Duke of Alva in ferocity and cruelty, was an ancient serjeant of artillery in the marine; during the wars of Spain he served at the affair of Vigo. At the head of a few peasants, he formed a corps of Guerillas, and obliged the French officer, who commanded in the place to capitulate. Bearing then no rank in the Spanish army to sign the capitulation, he took upon him the title of Colonel with the consent of his companions in arms. It appears that all the other chiefs of the Guerillas obtained their rank in the same way. As soon as any one had gained some signal advantage over the enemy, he wrote to

the Central Junta, with the signature of Colonel of the Legion of Volunteers of such a province; and the junta to encourage the defenders of national independence, in their answer, confirmed the title thus assumed.

Morillo, by his courage and activity on all occasions, justified the promotion which he had acquired; but if his military talents rendered him formidable to the French, the ferocity of his character made him an object of dread also to the Spaniards. He had the command of a division when Lord Wellington was at the head of all the forces of the Peninsula: he frequently distinguished himself on the retreat of the French armies, but in his conduct and manner of making war, there seemed to be nothing Spanish: and whether it was in compliment, or meant as a disparagement, Morillo had the title of Wellington's cossack.

In 1815, the cabinet of Madrid, to reduce under their former yoke the

countries of South America, sent over an army of the *elite* of their troops, the command of which was given to General Morillo. At first, circumstances appeared favourable, and it was thought that very little execution would be required to crown the expedition with success. A terrible catastrophe had deprived the government of Venezuela of the best part of its artillery and stores, and of almost all its best soldiers. The earthquake of March 26, 1812, had buried 10,000 men under the ruins of the city of Caraccas, and thrown the whole of that superstitious country into a state of consternation. The Spanish General Monteverde, profiting by these circumstances, had retaken possession of Venezuela; but soon forgetting the capitulations which had been agreed to, and avowing his resolution to admit no amnesty, his violence forced the Venezuelians again to take up arms, and they compelled their enemies to retire.

Generals Bolivar and Marino had gained considerable advantages in 1813, and their independence seemed on the point of being secured, when divisions broke out in the province, and gave a turn to their fortune. Bovez, a chief, till then almost unknown, rallied the Spanish party, and his success was so great, that the independents had only the Isle of Margarita left. His successor Morales, having combined his forces with those of the expedition of Morillo, resistance seemed to be at an end. On his entrance into Venezuela, he was at the head of an army of near 25,000 men. There was an apparent prospect then of pacifying New Grenada, of succouring Peru, of reducing Chili, and attacking Buenos Ayres with advantage, as the colony was rent with intestine divisions.

But how were the wounds then bleeding to be healed? No sooner had Morillo entered in triumph into Caraccas, than he erected a Junta of Sequestration, which confiscated the goods of all who had taken part in the insurrection, and even of all such as had not opposed it. In one or other of these classes, was included all who had quitted the country, and even those who had remained in it from compulsion;

and that no kind of property might escape these confiscations, an obligation was imposed of making donatives, a sort of forced loan or rather military contribution, as no promise was held of reimbursement.

This mode of healing wounds, was not likely to calm the effervescence of the provinces, on their submission to the Spanish domination. From that era an army, deemed competent to hold in subjection all Spanish America, appeared impotent to curb even some insulated parts by a regimen so detested. Events soon proved that the tyrannical system which had been adopted was not only unjust and cruel, but unsound, impolitic and dangerous. In fact, Morillo was obliged to convert grand military operations into contracted and partial measures, slow and ineffectual operations. His own army consisted of 6000 Europeans, 3000 Venezuelians under Morales, the stationary regiment of Porto Vico, and two or three thousand men of the troops of Santa Martha. The fleet that was to second him in his attack on Carthage-na, consisted of three frigates, two corvettes, a number of brigs, and goelettes, thirteen feluccas armed with sixteen pounders, and eight inch howitzers, eleven bongos, with eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and fifty-six transports, the sailors of which were to reinforce the ships of war.

This force seemed able to take or destroy, a city whose garrison was only 4000 men, scattered in fortifications very extensive: but Morillo's operations were confined to a blockade that lasted 112 days. The brave defenders displayed the most heroic perseverance, in enduring a famine more dreadful than the enemy. They had only forty-three days provision, and though each day witnessed the fall of their best men, and their stock of provisions was exhausted, they dismounted their cavalry, and horse-flesh with that of mules and asses, was distributed regularly in their rations. At last they were reduced to eat viands the most unpalatable, the grass of the public places, the vilest animals, and even the leather that was to cover trunks, coaches, and the sad-

dles of horses. On the 12th of Nov. 1815, Morillo attacked with the flower of his army, the advanced position of La Popa, which was defended by 97 men worn down with hunger; so vigorously did they repulse the assailants, that they received from the government of Carthagena, in token of satisfaction, three dozen ox leathers as a supplementary ration.

A hundred vessels that were to bring provisions being cast away, without hopes of obtaining any, the remainder of the garrison determined to cut their way through the Spanish force of the cross-batteries. They embarked with such of the inhabitants as would follow them in nine ships, only three of which were armed with a sixteen pounder. This intrepid flotilla had to run through the fire of both ships and batteries, dispersing the feluccas and bongos that would obstruct their passage. Arriving at Bocachica, the gullet or mouth of the roadstead, they nailed up the artillery of the forts, embarked the male population of the neighbouring villages, which served them for a garrison, and passed through the Spanish squadron in despite of all their efforts: as gallant a feat of arms as any presented in the history of South America.

The village of Bocachica, wherein the women, children and sick were left, sent a deputation to General Morillo, then at a little distance; he entered it with his division, and though he had met with no resistance, and taken to breakfast with him the officer who had brought the keys, in less than half an hour he cut to pieces the 500 individuals whom he found in the place. This massacre became the signal to multiplied executions, successfully perpetrated for a length of time after. The most distinguished characters were the first sufferers, but no obscurity of private life could be secure from danger.

When Morillo marched from Carthagena to Santa Fe de Bogata, his passage was marked in every place by gibbets, that along the roads and public places shewed bleeding heads and dismembered limbs to the passengers. When he entered the capital, in the capitulation an entire amnesty was the

principal article; it was, however, in the midst of fetes given by the inhabitants to celebrate the return of peace, sealed by the solemn promise of royal clemency, that Morillo published lists of proscription that have not left a single family without reason to lament a loss.

Considering this mode of ruling as a political experiment, its results prove evidently that the most cruel excesses of oppression cannot even plead the merit of a criminal utility. Morillo calculated on deciding the fate of all the Spanish provinces by the taking of Carthagena, and the destruction of those who had relied on his word; but a very little time served to undeceive him. The hopes of vengeance made those again take up arms who had laid them down; bands of guerillas were formed in all parts of Venezuela, led by the generals, Paez, Sarasa, Sedenó, Roxas, and a number of other chiefs, and every where they gained advantages over the Spaniards. Arismendi put himself at the head of the insurgents of Margarita, and destroyed the garrison which Morillo had left in that island; all attempts to retake that important post have been repulsed. When the Spaniards in 1817, received a reinforcement of 4000 men from Europe, to repair the immense losses their army had sustained, Morillo undertook to carry Margarita sword in hand; but the massacre of the women and children that fell into his hands on disembarking, was a warning to the inhabitants of what they might expect; and to the number of 400 they attacked the Spaniards with such fury, as to put the whole to flight, and cut off one half of their invaders.

Fresh enemies appeared on all sides, to render the situation of Morillo critical. The remains of the garrison of Carthagena, that had retired to Jamaica and St. Domingo, under the orders of General Bolívar, embarked in the flotilla of Admiral Brion, and the cause of independence once more beheld, in Venezuela, regular armies fighting under its banners. Morillo was forced to withdraw his armies from New Grenada into this province, and every where guerillas, often without

regular arms, attacked the Spanish posts, holding them in constant alarm, so that they were pent up in their *casas fuertes*, a sort of block-houses. The two brothers Negras, partisans, penetrated even to the environs of Santa Fe, the residence of the Viceroy, and where almost all the remaining royalist force was concentrated. They carried off a number of convoys that were repairing thither, and received augmentations even from those sent to fight against them. General Santander, assisted by the government of Venezuela, collected all the corps in the province of Casanares, beat the troops sent against him, and carried on a very successful war. General Morillo, after losing all the levies he had made in the country, besides 20,000 European soldiers that he had brought to America, or received afterwards, was at length confined to the occupation of one part

only of the province of Caraccas, hedged round with mountains and terminated by the sea. The independents, who on his arrival had only the isle of Margarita, are now masters of the provinces of Guyana, Cumana, Barcelona, Varinas, Casanares and New Grenada, the whole of which are covered with guerillas.

If Morillo had appeared in the New World at the epoch of its discovery, like Pizarro, he might have traced, by his bloody exploits, a name in the histories of posterity; but it may safely be pronounced, that in an age like the present, his name and actions will be denounced with execrations, however great a favourite he may have been with the Spanish Inquisition, which raised him to the high dignity of Alguazil Major or chief usher of the Holy Office.

SAPPHIC ODE.

To the Evening Star.

Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening
Lingers in heaven.

Southey.

WHEN from the blue sky traces of the daylight
Fade, and the night-winds sigh from the ocean,
Then, on thy watch-tower, beautiful thou shinest,
Star of the Evening!

Homewards weary man plods from his labour,
From the dim vale comes the low of the oxen;
Still are the woods, and the wings of the small birds
Folded in slumber.

Thou art the lover's star! thou to his fond heart
Ecstasy bequeatest; for, beneath thy soft ray,
Underneath the green trees, down by the river, he
Waits for his fair one.

Thou to the sad heart beacon art of solace—
Kindly the mourner turns his gaze towards thee,
Past joys awakening, thou bid'st him be of comfort,
Smiling in silence.

Star of the Mariner! when the dreary ocean
Welters around him, and the breeze is moaning,
Fondly he deems that thy bright eye is dwelling
On his home afar off:

On the dear cottage, where sit by the warm hearth,
Thinking of the absent, his wife and his dear babes,
In his ear sounding, the hum of their voices
Steals like a zephyr.

Farewell, thou bright Star ! when woe and anguish
Hung on my heart with a heavy and sad load,
When not a face on the changed earth was friendly,
Changeless didst thou smile.

Soon shall the day come, soon shall the night flee,
Thou dost usher in darkness and day-light ;
Glitter 'st through the storm, and, mid the blaze of morning,
Meltest in glory.

Thus through this dark earth holds on the good man,
Misfortune and malice tarnish not his glory ;
Soon the goal is won, and the star of his being
Mingles with heaven.

EVE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

From the German.

I picked up the original of the following ditty one evening of last July, in the beautiful village of Blankenese, on the Elbe, where the ungenial zephyrs kept me for a day or two, closely pent up in a land which I loved much, but yearning to return to one which I loved more. I transcribed it from an almanack lent me by my host, and in which the name of the author is given—*Frederick Stricker*. It exhibits a parallel superstition to that pertaining to another country. The superstitious influence of the Baptist is felt at all points of the compass. Fires are duly lighted after sunset upon the "eve of St. John," on the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin, (and which embellish the vicinity of that city, with a variety of romantic scenery, rarely to be met within four miles of a metropolis.)

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT.

The young maid stole thro' the cottage door,
And blush'd as she sought the plant of pow'r ;—
"Thou silver glow-worm, O, lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride."

And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—
"Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of pow'r,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !"
But it droop'd its head that plant of pow'r,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flow'r :
And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay !
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
As they clos'd the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

The following note is added in the German :—"According to a provincial custom in Lower Saxony, every young girl plucks a sprig of St. John's Wort on mid-summer night, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of the year ; but, if it droop, the popular belief is, that she also is destined to pine and wither away."

JERUSALEM IN 1820.

CONNOR'S NARRATIVE OF A TOUR MADE IN PALESTINE.

Concluded.

I HAVE been with the pilgrims to the river Jordan. We left Jerusalem about seven in the morning, accompanied by Messrs. Grey and Hyde, two English travellers. A great portion of the pilgrims had preceded us. The streets of Jerusalem were all life and bustle. To avoid the confusion, we left the city by the gate of Bethlehem; and, passing along the north side, fell in with the train of pilgrims at the gate of St. Stephen. The scene was very lively. The path through which we passed, down Mount Moriah, across the valley of Jehoshaphat, and up the side of Olivet, was lined with people, who came to witness the procession. A Turkish band of music, leaving the gate of St. Stephen, and accompanied with banners, proceeded with us as far as a tree on Olivet, under which the governor of Jerusalem, with his court, were seated. Guns were fired at intervals.

In about three-quarters of an hour after we had started, we passed through Bethany, a little miserable village; shortly after we descended into a deep valley. The appearance of the pilgrims, with the immense train of camels, horses, mules, &c. was here truly picturesque. The pilgrims, muleteers, and guards, formed a body of about 2,300 persons. The country through which we passed was barren and desolate beyond description.

At length, after having crossed a number of hills, we descended into the plain of Jericho. In the midst of this plain appears a large verdant tract, like an Oasis in the desert; and here, embosomed in trees, stands the wretched mud-built village of Jericho. About half-past twelve we arrived on the edge of the Oasis, and encamped. A large extent of ground was covered with the tents. An able artist might have made a very interesting picture of the scene; he would have introduced the numerous and variously-coloured tents, the diversified costumes of the pilgrims, the

Turkish horse soldiers, with their elegant dress and long spears, galloping across the plain, with camels and horses reposing. We spent the remainder of the day here. About half-past three the next morning we all set out, by torch-light, for the Jordan. The appearance of the pilgrims, moving in detached parties with their flambeaux across the plain, was singular and striking.

The sun rose shortly before we arrived at the brink of the river; there men, women, and children stripped, and plunged into the water. Many employed themselves while in the river in washing, and thus sanctifying the linen which they destined for their grave-clothes.

The Jordan at the spot where the pilgrims bathed, is beautifully picturesque; its breadth may be about twenty yards, and it is shaded on both sides by the thick foliage of closely planted trees. The water appeared turbid, and was not deep.

Some Turkish horsemen dashed through the river, and rode to and fro in the grove on the opposite side, to protect the pilgrims from the guns of the Bedouins, many of whom were assembled to watch the ceremony.

On retiring from the water the pilgrims employed themselves in cutting branches from the trees, to carry home with them, as memorials of the Jordan. They then mounted their beasts, and returned to their former station in the plain.

Our party set off from the Jordan, with Prince Avaloff (a Georgian) and his suite, to the Dead Sea, where we arrived in about two hours and a half. We rambled about for some time on the borders of this lake, which covers the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah. I tasted the water, and found it excessively nauseous. Some of the party bathed.

On our return we traversed the fertile part of the plain, passed through

the village of Jericho, and returned to our tents about noon. Most of the pilgrims had already started for Jerusalem. After taking a slight refreshment, we returned to the city by the same way that we had come, and entered by the gate of St. Stephen.

Jerusalem is a considerable place. The most beautiful building within its wall is the mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of Solomon's Temple. The Turks have a singular reverence for this mosque, and will not permit a Christian even to set his foot in the large grassy area which surrounds it.

The walks which I most frequent are those that lead down the valley of Jehoshaphat, by the fountains of Siloah, or those that run along the side of Olivet. From the side of Olivet you have a very commanding view of Jerusalem. The mosque of Omar appears particularly fine from this situation. The greater part of the surrounding country is most desolate and dreary. Hills of white parched rock, dotted here and there with patches of cultivated land, every where meet and offend the eye.

In the north of Palestine are many beautiful and fertile spots, but not in Judea.

I have spent a day or two in BETHLEHEM and its neighbourhood. Under the Latin convent at Bethlehem, they shew three altars, said to mark the spot where Christ was born, where the manger stood, and where the magi adored. These altars are splendidly adorned, and illuminated with many lamps.

The men of Bethlehem have peculiar privileges. They alone of all Christians subject to the Turks, are permitted to wear the white turban, and to carry arms. They are fine men, and have an air of boldness and independence not commonly met with in the Christians of these countries. Their gov-

ernment is a kind of democracy, and their chiefs are elected from among themselves. The Bethlehemites are perpetually at war with the Turks of Hebron.

It was my intention to go direct from Jerusalem to Damascus, by way of Napolose and Tiberias; but the disturbed state of the country about Napolose, occasioned by the presence of the Pacha of Damascus, who was making his rounds to collect the tribute,* caused me reluctantly to alter my plans, and thus to resign the hopes which I had indulged, of gleaningsome further particulars respecting the Samaritans.

From Saide I proceeded to Der el Kamr, the metropolis of the Druses, on Mount Lebanon.

On the 19th of April I left Jerusalem, and proceeded to Rama, and from thence across the luxuriant plain of Sharon, and by Cæsarea and the foot of Carmel, to Acre. After a few days repose in Acre, I rode forward, by way of Sour, to Saide.

The number of the Druses may be about 70,000; of these, 20,000 men are capable of bearing arms.

The Druses are divided into two grand classes; that of the "Akkals," or *intelligent*; and that of the "Djahels," or *ignorant*.

The Akkals, in number about ten thousand, form the sacred order, and are distinguishable by their white turbans, the emblem of purity. Every Thursday evening the Akkals assemble together in their oratories, and perform their religious rites; what these rites are no one but themselves know. Their ceremonies are enveloped in the profoundest mystery; during the performance of them they place guards around the spot to prevent the approach of the profane: their wives are permitted to be present; if any one of the initiated

* A few days before my departure from Jerusalem, the Pacha arrived there from Napolose, and, according to custom, pitched his tent outside the walls. A large body of troops accompanies him. One of his soldiers, a Christian Albanese, impelled by curiosity, had the imprudence to set his foot within the walls of the mosque of the temple. He was discovered; a tumult was raised—and the Pacha was informed of the soldier's crime. He immediately dispatched one of his slaves, with orders to put the soldier to death wherever he should find him. A few hours after, I saw the body of the poor fellow lying in the street, naked and mangled, and exposed to the insults of the Turks. His head was nearly severed from his body, and one of his hands had been cut through with a sabre.

dared to witness any part of their sacred rites, instant death would on discovery be the reward of their temerity. All the Akkals are permitted to marry. The Chief of the order resides in a village called El Mutna. The title and privileges of the members are not necessarily handed down from father to son. When arrived at a certain age, every individual who wishes it, and whose conduct has not been stained with any flagrant vice, may, after passing through some initiary ceremonies, enter the order. At the funeral of an Akkal, the principal of the priests who happens to be present, demands of the bye-standers their testimony of the conduct of the deceased during his life; if their testimony be favourable, he addresses the deceased with the words, "God be merciful to thee;" if otherwise the address is omitted. The funerals of the Akkals, as well as those of the other Druses, are always very numerous attended. The Akkals bear arms only in defence of their country, and never accompany an invading army.

The Djahels, who form by far the most numerous class, perform no religious rites whatever, unless when circumstances oblige them to assume the appearance of Mahomedans; on these occasions they enter the mosques, and recite their prayers with the Turks. They consider both Jesus Christ and Mahomet as impostors, and cherish an equal dislike to Christians and Turks. They believe that the Deity was incarnated in the person of Hakem, caliph of Egypt, and that he will shortly appear again. He is to come, they think, from China; and to meet, fight with, and utterly destroy all his enemies, at a place called the "Black Stone."

The Druses regard the Chinese as belonging to their sect, and as the most exemplary members of it in the world.

They believe in the transmigration of souls; and that, according to the character of the individual, in his first journey through life, will be the nature of the body which his soul will animate in a future state of existence; if his conduct has been fair and honourable, his soul at his death will pass into and vivify the body of him who is des-

tined to fill a respectable station in life: if on the other hand, his conduct has been evil, his soul will enter the body of a horse, a mule, an ass, &c. Those who distinguish themselves by noble and meritorious actions, and shine by their virtues in their career through life, will, as the highest recompence of their merits, pass after death into the bodies of Chinese Druses.

I inquired of Mr. Bertrand if it was true that the Druses worshipped a calf; he said that he had questioned many of them about it, and they all denied it; "Do you suppose," they asked, "that we would worship as our God, the image of an animal whose flesh we eat, and of whose skin we make our shoes?"

I had been told that there was a great number of Christians among the Druses; this, however, I find is not the case. The Emir Bechir, with his family, and some of the other nobles of the nation, have received baptism, have their children baptized, have chapels in their houses, and hear mass every Sunday. The rest of the natives are hostile to the Christians.

The Emir has retained his situation for upwards of thirty years. He wears the green robe of a Sherif, or one of the descendants of Mahomet; and has the exterior of a Turk. He never enters a mosque, but has a chapel in his palace at Btedyn, where service is regularly performed by a Maronite priest. In conformity with his Christian principles, he has only one wife, by whom he has several children living.

From Der el Kamr I proceeded along the mountains, through a succession of beautiful and romantic scenes to BEIROUT.

I then set out for the convent of patriarch (late archbishop) Giarve. His convent is universally called in the country Der el Sharfi. After passing for some hours along a rugged, steep, and difficult path among the mountains, we arrived about three in the afternoon, at the foot of an eminence, on the side of which, and near to its woody summit, stands the convent of Santa Maria Della Liberatrice. The situation of the convent is noble and commanding, overlooking a large tract of mountain

scenery, the town of Beirout, a long line of coast, and a wide sweep of the Mediterranean. The convent itself is not yet completed. Its chapel is small, and is hung round with a great number of little pictures of saints and scripture scenes. It was pleasing to hear in the evening, the sound of the various convent bells in the neighbouring mountains, which summoned the people to vespers.

I proceeded from Mar-Hanua direct to Damascus; and, after having descended Lebanon, crossed the fine valley of Beckaa, and traversed the dreary solitudes of Anti-Lebanon; arrived in that city about two in the afternoon of May the 8th.

The Greeks under the patriarch of Antioch may amount to about 20,000, and of these about 4,000 are in Damascus. The rest of the Christian population of Damascus consists of Catholics, Latins, Maronites, Greeks, &c. 16,000, Armenians 150, Nestorians 70. This is a rough calculation. It is impossible to know the exact number.

The Jews of Damascus may amount to 2,500. The Jews throughout the Pachalics of Damascus and Acre possess more liberty than in most parts of

Turkey. The prime ministers of the two pachas are Jews and brothers, and by their power and influence, which are great, shield their nation to a considerable degree from oppression and violence.

After a stay of ten days in Damascus, I began to move toward TRIPOLI. The war in Balbec obliged us to follow the great caravan road. After a dreary ride of five days along the edge of the desert, we arrived at Homs, on the Orontes; turning thence to the west, we arrived in three days more at Tripoli.

In order to avoid a hot and fatiguing ride of four days along the shore, I hired a small vessel at Tripoli, which carried me up to Latichea in 32 hours. Here I finished my business with our consul, Signor Elias, a Greek, and then set out for ALEPPO, where I arrived in six days.

The Christian population of Aleppo, may be thus enumerated: Greek catholics 14,000, Maronites 2,000, Syrian catholics 5,000, Nestorians 100, Armenian catholics 8,000, Armenian schismatics (as they are called) 2,000, Greeks under the patriarch of Antioch 500.

PRINCE CARACCILO AND LADY HAMILTON

At Naples.

THE first man executed at Naples, two months before the establishment of the grand criminal court, and even before the arrival of the King, was Prince Francesco Caracciolo, admiral of the Neapolitan navy, who, by seventy years of active life, had kept off the torpor under which Italian patricians are apt to languish; and to the experience of his profession, he added the acquirements of a man of science. He had, at first, followed the court to Sicily, and returned to Naples with the King's permission, who cautioned him not to mix in the affairs of the republic. Yet he conceived himself bound to resume the command of a flotilla of gunboats, the only remains of the ships of war, lest the French should put into it

officers of their own nation; and when the Allies attacked Naples, he attempted to drive out the British squadron from the island of Procida. A price was put upon his head, and he was carried before Nelson, who directed a court-martial to proceed summarily, and "report to him what punishment the prisoner ought to suffer." Count Thurn, who had formerly burned the Neapolitan navy, was one of those foreign adventurers intriguing for the favours of princes, and every where jealous of native merit; and although the prisoner alleged that Thurn was his known enemy, it was he who assembled the court-martial of Neapolitan officers on board the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, and was appointed its president. The bearer of

the sentence found the English admiral seated in his cabin, between Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and hearing that Caracciolo had been condemned to banishment and confiscation, he ordered the sentence to be revised : the punishment being then commuted to perpetual imprisonment, he desired them to revise it again. This is the statement of two naval officers, who, although then at Naples, were not ocular witnesses ; the only historian by whom this transaction is related with impartiality, has made use of such cautious expressions in this place, that I can neither admit nor reject the circumstance of the revision of the two sentences. The trial began at ten o'clock in the morning, and Nelson soon after noon signed the sentence, and ordered the criminal to be hanged ; who, dreading rather the manner of his death, than the end of his life, demanded to be shot as an officer, or beheaded according to the privileges of his forefathers. The English admiral answered, " That he had no right to interfere in a judgment fairly pronounced by the officers of the country."

After these words he walked up and down, agitated and silent ; and while he apparently tried to hush in his breast the presentiment of the stain inflicted on his reputation, Lady Hamilton was present at the execution. The Italian sailor who was ordered to pass the rope round the neck of the admiral, hesitated and bent forward as if desirous to kiss his hand. " Let me die alone," said Caracciolo, and, while he expired, Lady Hamilton wiped her eyes. Her endowments, both physical and intellectual, had urged her to struggle from her very infancy to rise by means of those expedients to which every individual must inevitably have recourse whose ambition is infinitely above his circumstances. She had been at first a menial servant in London ; next a wandering girl, lost to virtue : at last, devoid of shame, she lent the admirable beauties of her person as a model to academies of painters, until she became the concubine of a young military man ; and was no sooner raised from penury, than she gave a loose to that indiscretion which

afterwards brought her, through anguish, luxury, and contempt, into the grave, in the same helpless indigence in which she was born. Her lover, distressed with debt, sold her to Sir William Hamilton, a man far advanced in years, and ambassador to Naples ; he was an enthusiast in the fine arts, of which, by the elegance of her taste, and her long intercourse with painters and sculptors, she had gathered a correct knowledge ; so that, by flattering his taste, irritating his affection, threatening to part with him out of regard for his character, and affecting to be pursued by the advances of an illustrious personage, she succeeded in becoming at once the wedded wife, and the most useful assistant of the British ambassador. She ingratiated herself with the Queen, by the nature and violence of those indulgencies which in the lowest and highest ranks are alike irritated by absolute want and reckless profusion ; and ungoverned by the fear of public opinion, the character and morals of both were closely assimilated. The most private correspondence of the King was betrayed, and sent over to the British ministers. Not being educated with a due sense of honour, Lady Hamilton conceived herself bound to sacrifice it, not only to the policy of her husband's employers, but also to the gratification of all the passions of a scandalous court. She was believed (and perhaps not unjustly) to be an adulterous wife ; for the delight of bloodshed does not tempt the weaker sex, without the utter corruption of the two best instincts of our nature, modesty and sympathy, with which women seem to be liberally endowed, in order that, by becoming tender wives and mothers, they might soften the ferocity of men. Lady Hamilton did not quit the vessel till she saw Caracciolo hanged ; she sent twice to know when he was to be taken down from the fore-yard-arm ; she went again in a barge at the approach of night to see him thrown into the sea ; she then wrote to assure the Queen " that even the remains of her Majesty's enemy were no more to be seen." Thirteen days afterwards the King walking on the deck with Nelson, ex-

claimed suddenly, with a yell of horror, "*Vien! Viene!*"—The old man's corpse, erect breast high above the waves, was seen floating towards the ship; the shot which had been attached to the feet for the purpose of sinking it,

not being sufficiently heavy. Two sailors, without any person having ventured either to approve or to reprimand them, picked up their admiral's corpse, and carried it to a church for interment.

ORIGIN OF SALUTATIONS AND AMICABLE CEREMONIES

IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

WHEN men salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

The infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate ones-self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth, when they adore invisible beings. The affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity, or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner; for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

The demonstrations become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing; we shall notice what they

were originally, without reflecting on what they are.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they knew of no reverences, or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them.

The Greenlanders laugh, when they see an European uncover his head and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders, near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face.

The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute.

Dampier says, that at New Orleans they were satisfied in placing on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the Straights of the Sound. Houtman tells us, they saluted him in this odd way:—"They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face."

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies very low, in placing their hands on their cheeks, and raising at the same times one foot in the air with the knee bent.

An *Æthiopian* takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms; sometimes men place themselves naked be-

fore the person whom they salute ; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence. This was practised before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otaheitans. Their innocent simplicity no doubt did not appear immodest in the eyes of the *Virtuoso*. Sometimes they only undress partially.

The Japanese only take off a slipper ; the people of Arracan, their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

The Grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the King, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation.

The Negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and make all their ceremonies farcical ; the greater part pull their fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the King of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro Monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmenta (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued.

The Franks tore hair from the head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities ; they even calculate the number of their reverencies. These are their most remarkable postures :—The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow the head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth, in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth ; and this ceremony they re-

peat two or three times. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health ? he answers, ‘ Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity.’ If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, ‘ Prosperity is painted on your face ;’ or, ‘ Your air announces your happiness.’ If you render them any service, they say, ‘ My thanks should be immortal.’ If you praise them, they answer, ‘ How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me ?’ If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, ‘ We have not treated you with sufficient distinction.’ The various titles they invent for each other, it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese Ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There are determined the number of bows ; the expressions to be employed ; and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand : the salutations of the master before the chair, where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirts of his robe ; all these gestures and other things, are noticed, even to the silent gestures, by which you are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios ; and ambassadors pass 40 days in practising them before they are enabled to appear at court. A Tribunal of Ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honour are frequently arbitrary ; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity ; to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries ; a despot cannot suffer, without disgust, the elevated figures of his subjects ; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius ; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth ; he desires no eagerness, no attention, he would only inspire terror.

NICHOLLS'S RECOLLECTIONS DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

[Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs, during the Reign of George III. By John Nicholls, Esq. Member of Parliament, &c.]

AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITIES.

GEOERGE II. died suddenly about the close of October, 1760. At that time I was nearly sixteen years old; so that the active part of my life has all been passed during the reign of George III.

My father was physician to George II. This circumstance led me to see in early life, people who were about the Court. I cannot say that the nation much regretted the death of George II. During the last three years of his reign the war against France had been carried on with much success; but this was attributed to the energy of Mr. Secretary Pitt, who was known to be Minister against the wishes of the King.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

The Duke of Grafton, who had been made first Lord of the Treasury, was certainly a man of very feeble mind; he had about him at that time a secretary of the name of Thomas Bradshaw; and a mistress, formerly known by the name of Nancy Parsons, at that time bearing the name of Mrs. Horton, afterwards Lady Maynard. Those who wished to destroy the Earl of Chatham's Administration saw, that they should very much advance their designs if they could separate the Duke of Grafton from the Earl of Chatham: they had gained over the Duke's secretary, Mr. Bradshaw; but they could not corrupt his mistress. She had the sense to see that the Duke's honour required him to remain firm in his connexion with the Earl of Chatham. She had the sense to see this, and she had the integrity to tell him so. Her influence for some time prevented the Duke of Grafton from deserting the Earl of Chatham. When this was seen, those who wished the destruction of that Administration changed the direction of their batteries; instead of using their efforts to separate the Duke of Grafton from the Earl of Chatham, they employed them to separate him

from his mistress. In this they succeeded, and married him to Miss Wrottesley, the niece of the Duchess of Bedford. To separate him from the Earl of Chatham was then an easy task. Thus fell the Earl of Chatham's administration; and, I believe, the Earl was never after in any public office.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The zealous supporters of the American war have thrown blame on the War Minister, and the Generals who conducted it. In this I think they have acted unjustly. I believe that Lord George Germaine was as able a War Minister as could have been found; and the Generals employed were men of the first reputation. It always appeared to me that the design of compelling the Americans to submit to be taxed by a British Parliament, was a wild and absurd project. The loose texture (if I may be allowed the expression) of American population, rendered the conquest of the country impracticable. Wherever our army appeared, the people submitted; but whenever our army moved forward, the people who had submitted resumed their arms. We never attempted more than the conquest of the eastern side of America; had we succeeded in that, the war would still have been continued by the inhabitants of the Back Settlements; and if the Americans had ultimately been subdued, what must have been the size of that army which must have been maintained there for the purpose of enforcing submission, and collecting revenue? I believe no man now will maintain either the justice or the policy of the American contest; we are come to this opinion, although only the short space of thirty-six years has elapsed since the contest was relinquished. A century hence, men will wonder how the people of England could have been deluded to engage in it.

After the defeat and capture of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, a friend of

Lord North said to him, "My Lord, you must deceive yourself no longer; you must now see that the whole population of America is hostile to your designs." Lord North replied, "I see that as clearly as you do; and the King shall either consent to allow me to assure the House of Commons, that some means shall be found to put an end to the war, or I will not continue to be his minister." I had this anecdote from the friend with whom this conversation passed. Lord North was no inconsiderable Statesman: he seems never to have been particularly attentive to the promotion of his own personal interests, and I have no doubt that he would have preferred to have pursued those measures which he thought most beneficial to his country; but the place of Prime Minister was pleasant to him, and he persevered in the war for four years longer.

THE KING AND LORD NORTH.

Let me here mention a little anecdote, which I think does honour to Lord North; because it shows that he was sensible to kindness. In the spring of 1782, when Lord North resigned, the King's resentment against him was so strong, that he meant to withhold the pension, usually granted to a Prime Minister, on his retirement from office. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, represented to the King, that Lord North was not opulent; that his father was still living; and that his sons had spent a great deal of money. The King answered, "Lord North is no friend of mine."—"That may be, Sir," replied Lord Thurlow, "but the world thinks otherwise; and your Majesty's character requires, that Lord North should have the usual pension." The pension was granted.

On the Coalition coming into office in 1783, Lord North accepted the employment of Secretary of State for the Home Department. Charles Fox had determined that Lord Thurlow should not retain the great seal, and the King was obliged to submit. Lord North, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, received order to write to Lord Thurlow, signifying his dismissal from the post of Chancellor. He

refused to obey these orders, and assigned this reason, "When I retired from office in 1782, Lord Thurlow was the man who prevented my retreat from being inconvenient to me; shall the first act of my return to office be to give Lord Thurlow pain? I will not do it." Lord North's refusal was sufficiently amusing to the King, who had a right to say, "While I keep Secretaries I am not bound to write my own letters." Lord North persevered; and after a delay of several days, Charles Fox, though it was not his department, was obliged to write the letter.

FOX, PITT, AND BURKE.

A question is often asked, which was the abler speaker in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox? Their situations were so different, that it is very difficult to answer this question. Mr. Pitt was supported by a well-disciplined majority, and his eloquence was calculated to make his measures plausible. He was a very correct grammarian; but there was one talent in which he surpassed every speaker I ever heard. I mean the talent of building a speech, and introducing the arguments of his adversaries exactly in that place where it best suited him to answer them. Mr. Fox never built a speech; he relied on his ability to seize weak parts of his adversaries arguments and beat them to pieces. He did this with extraordinary skill and success.

The style of a public speaker must necessarily depend on the audience which he addresses, on the ends which he wishes to obtain; perhaps in some degree, on his own personal situation. Considered in this point of view, Lord North was certainly a very good speaker. His pleasantry and good temper were well suited to turn aside the impetuous attacks of his adversaries.

To form a true opinion of Mr. Burke's merit as a speaker, he also must be viewed in the same manner. His importance depended on his standing high in the opinion of that party which had placed him in the House; for this reason, he always introduced such passages as captivated admiration; and though his speeches were often injudicious, and rarely had the effect of bring-

ing others to think and to act with him, except they were previously so disposed by being of the same party, yet he never made a speech in which there were not those brilliant passages which the Roman authors call *Purpurei Panni*. When he brought forward the impeachment against Mr. Hastings, he laid on the table of the House of Commons twenty-two charges. I was under the necessity of examining those charges with attention. I think they were a master-piece in that style of composition which Mr. Burke thought himself authorised to use. They were a happy mixture of assertion, of evidence, of inference, and of invective, so dexterously blended, that it was extremely difficult to unravel them; but admirably suited to influence the opinions of those who read negligently.

Demosthenes is considered as the ablest speaker of Antiquity. He addressed his speeches to an audience highly intelligent, and actuated by an opinion that the people of Athens were entitled to hold the first place among the Greek Republics. The same arguments, addressed to a British House of Commons, would have appeared ridiculous and contemptible.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF GEORGE III.

I have already mentioned the character which he displayed at the commencement of his reign; that he was sober—temperate—of domestic habits—addicted to no vice—swayed by no passion.

The whole tenour of his life has justified the impression which was first received of him. Those who approached him formed another opinion of his character; in which, however, the event has shown, that they have been totally mistaken. They thought that he was a weak man, and that we should probably have a reign of favouritism. These ideas were entertained even by sagacious men; but they were conceived erroneously. George III. was not a weak man. His objects were little, and injudiciously chosen: but no monarch ever displayed more dexterity in his choice of means to obtain those objects. So far from his life having been a reign of favouritism, he does not appear ever to

have entertained kindness for any minister whom he employed, except for the Earl of Bute: and after he found that this nobleman wanted the courage necessary for his purposes, he seems to have withdrawn all his favour from him, and never more to have wished to replace him in office.

The wish to be his own minister, and to exercise his power personally, was the leading feature in George the Third's character, through his whole reign. It influenced his domestic, as well as his political conduct. There does not appear any interval in which this sentiment was suspended. The miseries occasioned by his reign have all flowed from this source. Like other monarchs, he was desirous of power. But it was not the desire of becoming a military conqueror, or even of extending his dominions. It was little more than the desire of appearing great in the eyes of his pages and *valets de chambre* that it might be said "The King gave away such a bishoprick," or "appointed to such an employment." It was the little object of a little mind.

The reign of George III. has from its commencement exhibited a struggle between the King's personal wishes and the opinions of his ostensible ministers. The two first wishes which he seems to have entertained, were to break the power of the Pelham faction, and to restore peace. These wishes were judicious. But the instrument he employed to effectuate his objects, was unfortunately chosen. The Earl of Bute was not qualified to be a minister. He was removed; and from the time of his removal we may date the establishment of the double cabinet; viz. secret advisers and ostensible ministers.

During the interval of Lord Chatham's absence from the cabinet, the King contrived to have the question of taxing the American colonies again brought forward. By playing man against man, and faction against faction, he at length obtained his wishes, and the American Colonies found themselves reduced to the alternative of unconditional submission, or explicit and avowed resistance: they chose the latter. While the King was thus pursuing this

object of reviving the dispute with America, he seems to have employed that maxim of the politician *Divide et Impera*, with much dexterity. The late Earl of Shelburne told a friend of mine, "that the King possessed one art beyond any man he had ever known; for that, by the familiarity of his intercourse, he obtained your confidence, procured from you your opinion of different public characters, and then availed himself of this knowledge to sow dissension."

The war began in 1775, and was continued for eight years, when the King, much against his wishes, was compelled to relinquish the contest—he was compelled to relinquish it, because he could find no man who would consent to be the ostensible minister for carrying on the war. But he still retained so strong a desire to continue the

contest, that he could not refrain from employing his household troops to affront the Earl of Shelburne, the minister who had made the peace. The Earl of Shelburne would not submit to the affront; he resigned and the King found himself under the necessity of appointing the coalitionists his ministers. These gentlemen came into office strongly impressed with the opinion they had formed of the King's character; viz. that nothing could induce him to relinquish the wish he entertained of being his own minister. I recollect the answer which Mr. Fox made me when I once put this question to him—"Whether it was not possible for him to conciliate the King?" He replied, "No, it is impossible: no man can gain the King." And I believe Mr. Fox's answer was just.—*Mon. Mag.*

PARTICULARS OF THE BANDITTI OF CALABRIA AND THE ROMAN STATES,

In a Letter from a modern Traveller, written in 1820.

WE should have proceeded through Calabria, in our route from Naples to Sicily, if we had not been deterred by a fear of the *Brigands* of Calabria, who here, as on the road from Rome to Naples, are the real masters of the country.

The existence of these bands of robbers is no problem but to those who are ignorant of the countries and the governments in question, and of the kind of men of whom these bands are composed. Thanks to the vigorous and wise measures adopted at a certain period (during the possession of Italy by the French) this disorder no longer afflicted the unhappy country, and the traveller no longer trembled in the centre of Europe, for the safety of his life or his liberty. But the evil has since returned; and has proceeded to a more enormous and incredible extent than ever.

These bands are chiefly composed of inhabitants of these countries, or disbanded soldiers, who were first driven to this course by want of employment,

and extreme distress, but who now find it a trade, which from day to day grows more and more lucrative—a trade of which the infamy falls less, undoubtedly, upon the men who pursue it than upon the government by whom it is protected, not only by the absence of all measures of suppression of the evil, but by direct capitulations which the two governments have signed with these robbers.

Concealed within the mountains bordering upon the great roads, the intrepidity, the coolness, and above all the tactics of these men, too plainly betray the former profession of their leaders. They have their spies in the towns, in the inns, and on the roads. The moment their prey presents himself, already acquainted with the value of the prize, they pour down upon him, and their number and resolution render resistance useless, and even extremely dangerous. These men, who, in fact, want nothing but your purse, are not generally so ferocious as their appearance would seem to announce. Never, or at least very

rarely, do they proceed to acts of cruelty, except when their own personal safety demands such acts: in a word, they never kill but to avoid being killed. As soon as they see the traveller's carriage approaching, they draw a strong cord across the road in front of him, and this either throws or stops the horses. One of the gang goes to the head of the horses, others cut the traces, and others seize the luggage and carry it off; meantime, two of them open the doors of the carriage, make the travellers descend, and, in the most profound silence, with their pistols at their breasts, keep them in awe, while others search their persons, and sometimes abridge their work by cutting the traveller's clothes by pieces from off his back.

All this is the business of a few minutes: and all this arrives regularly two or three times a month, in spite of pretended guards, placed from distance to distance, to escort the traveller.

Seven different strangers (of whom two were English, three French, and two Germans) were stopped and robbed in this manner, during the last six months of my stay at Naples. One of the two Englishmen, an extremely interesting young man, whom I saw on the evening of his departure from Rome, died a few days after his arrival in Naples, in consequence of the ill-treatment he had received.

At the period when I was travelling from Rome to Naples, several of these brigands, who had been shut up for some time in a castle, were on the point of marching out, and actually did afterwards march out, in virtue of a capitulation signed by them and the government of the church. If the reader think I am dealing in fables, let him refer to the testimony of all the inhabitants of Rome, and to thirty thousand strangers who were witnesses of the fact.

I know that it will be deemed difficult of belief, but it is nevertheless true, that in the midst of Europe, in the centre of Italy, on the roads of Rome, Naples and Calabria, the traveller runs a hundred times more risk, than the Christian passenger who sails along the coast of Barbary.

The banditti of Sicily, at least the

men whom Brydone calls such, are scrupulous and honourable people, and very little to be feared, compared with those of whom I have been speaking. The Sicilian robber attacks or defends you, kills you or hinders your being killed, according to the compact you make or neglect: their bands are true insurance companies; the policy once signed, the chances are thenceforth at their risk. More cruel and more fierce than the African pirate, the banditti of Rome, Naples and Calabria, make not only your liberty but your life dependent on the payment of your ransom. By an audacity, which is shamefully suffered to shew itself with impunity, they treat daily with the relatives or friends of those who have fallen into their hands: a bill of exchange, extorted from the captive, is coolly presented by one of the robbers to his relations, or his banker, and the prisoner's head answers to the banditti for the payment. Twenty examples of this kind, known to all Italy, might be set down here, but I content myself with the following, because of its interest.

On the hills which overlook Frascati, a town situated about three leagues from Rome, are the ruins of the famous *Tusculum*. In the midst of these ruins, rises a handsome modern house, named *Ruffinella*, which belonged to *Lucian Buonaparte*. Robbers, at noon day, penetrate into the gardens of this dwelling. *Lucian* is walking there, sees them, and, guessing their design, flies to a pavilion where his family are assembled. His haste to open the door, hinders his attempt; and, to screen himself from his enemies, he throws himself into a neighbouring plantation. The cry which he uttered, drew his principal secretary to the spot where he had been, which he reaches in the same moment as the robbers; he is taken by them for *Lucian*, and they seize and carry him away to the mountains. This faithful servant knows well that he is taken for his master, and leaves them in their error, to give *Lucian* and his family time to escape.

The next day all Rome knew the fact. At the end of a few days more, a man delivers a letter to *Lucian*. The

letter sets an enormous price, as a ransom for him whom the robbers still took for Lucian. The police of Rome knew all this, and remained quiet: the ransom was paid, and the generous friend of Lucian set at liberty; and

still the police of Rome remained neutral and quiet. Lucian never more set foot on this estate; and the most frightful misery at present weighs down the country.

(New Monthly, Jan. 1821.)

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILE.

COUNT DE B—, a lieutenant-general in the French army, who died about the commencement of the Revolution, had lived on terms of intimacy with the two M. M. de Belle-Isle, of whom he occasionally related interesting private anecdotes. The following particulars are so extremely curious that they deserve to be recorded:—

The Count and the Chevalier de Belle-Isle were grandsons of the famous Intendant Fouquet; and notwithstanding the disgrace of their grandfather, they were pretty well advanced in the military service at the death of Louis XIV. After the saturnalia of the regency, they became involved in the disasters of Le Blanc, the secretary of state for the war department, and the two brothers were arrested and put under close confinement in the Bastile. To aggravate their misfortune, they were imprisoned in separate apartments. The Chevalier was constantly endeavouring to devise some plan by which he might be enabled to enjoy the society of his brother. He had with him a valet de chambre, a young man of spirit and activity, and who, moreover, possessed no small share of cunning: he had been educated as a surgeon, and, at his own solicitation, was permitted to share his master's captivity. By means of intrigue and artful interrogations, he learned that an apartment, then unoccupied, was the only disposable one in the prison, and that it was immediately below that allotted to the Count. He accordingly formed his plan, without saying a word on the subject to the Chevalier.

The Chevalier, though a man of intrepid courage, occasionally exhibited a weakness of mind which is not without example even in persons of the firmest

character: he was unable to bear the sight of a wound, or even to hear one spoken of, without experiencing those disagreeable sensations to which nervous persons are liable, and which often terminate in completely overpowering the organic faculties. This reciprocal mental and physical re-action, in the human frame, is unaccounted for, though its existence cannot be doubted. It resembles those puerile, but unconquerable antipathies we experience at the sight of certain animals, or the odour of particular plants; or rather, perhaps, those fits of vertigo with which persons (who on all other occasions exhibit perfect self-possession) are seized on ascending a height, or when on the brink of a precipice. Be that as it may, no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; and the knowledge of this habit enabled the faithful servant of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle the better to arrange his schemes.

The Governor of the Bastile paid frequent visits to his two prisoners. The conversation of the Chevalier particularly pleased him. The valet was occasionally permitted to join them; for he had a number of stories, anecdotes, and jests, with which he enlivened conversation, and excited the interest and curiosity of his hearers. One day he very adroitly turned the discourse to the battle of Hochstadt, in which he had served in the medical department of the army. He did not fail to dwell on this subject with all the eloquence he was master of. All the wounds he had dressed—all the amputations he had seen performed—all the heart-rending groans he had heard—nothing was spared. At length, to effect his object with the more certainty, he even overcharged the picture. The talisman had

the desired effect. The Chevalier performed his part the better by not being prepared for it; he grew pale, became gradually more and more languid, and at last fainted. The zealous valet flew to his assistance; and by applying the usual remedies, soon recovered his master. The Governor anxiously enquired the cause of the sudden indisposition of the Chevalier. "Sir," said the valet, "grateful for your goodness and attention, my master did not venture to complain to you; but, certainly, the room you have assigned to him is very injurious to his delicate nerves. The accident you have witnessed takes place almost daily; and indeed I cannot answer for the Chevalier's life, if his lodging be not changed." The Governor, an old officer, better acquainted with military affairs than with physiology, did not hesitate a moment. "Why did you not speak before," exclaimed he, "my dear Chevalier? There is a room vacant on the other side of the fort, and you shall be removed to it this very evening."—The Chevalier returned thanks, and the Governor withdrew to give his orders. He well knew that the two brothers would thus be nearer to each other; but he relied on the thickness of the walls, and the vigilance of the sentinels, to prevent all intercourse between them. He was deceived, for misfortune is ingenious. After a minute search, the Chevalier and his valet discovered a chimney-pipe, which led to the Count's chamber, and a communication was soon established between the two brothers.

It was of great importance to the prisoners to be able thus to concert together for their common defence; but that was not all—it was necessary to find the means of annihilating the material evidence which might compromise them. The Chevalier had acquired a knowledge of the charges that were brought against him. There was one very serious accusation, which could be supported only by one individual, namely, a clerk in one of the offices of the war department. This man was easily intimidated, and still more easily gained over by promises: the prisoners, however, had but a very superficial

knowledge of him. The Chevalier de Belle-Isle, therefore arranged his plan from conjecture; and tranquilly awaited the day when he should be confronted with his accusers.

According to the old French system of judicial investigation, the first examinations were always secret. The witness appeared in the presence of the accused, and no person attended the proceedings except the judge and the clerk. The prescribed rules, however, were not very rigorously observed when the accused party happened to be a person of rank. In the present case the deposition was read. It was very strong; but the Chevalier soon knew the man he had to deal with. He composed himself, and listened with profound attention to the evidence. Surprise, grief, and impatience, were by turns painted in his countenance. When the reading was ended, he rushed forward to the witness, and, seizing his hand, he exclaimed, in the most emphatic way, "How, Sir, can it be possible that you are my accuser?—You, for whom I have always felt so much interest!—You, whom I have ever regarded as a friend!—Can you lend an ear to such absurd calumnies?"—He continued to address the witness in a tone of vehemence and warmth, which indicated an affectionate complaint rather than a bitter recrimination, until he observed some happy result of his eloquence. He, moreover, employed an argument on which he relied with still greater confidence. On seizing the witness's hand, he contrived secretly to slip into it a note, which he had prepared for the purpose; and thus placed the witness in the delicate alternative of becoming either his accuser or his accomplice. The movement of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle was so sudden and unexpected, that nobody could think of opposing him; and, besides, it appeared extremely natural, and strictly within the bounds of legal defence. The witness was confounded by the impressive appeal that had been made to him; and found that he was in possession of a secret, which might decide the fate of an accused person, who had thus thrown himself on his generosity.

He was aware of the danger of retracting, while, at the same time, he was flattered by the condescending way in which a man of rank treated him as his friend—in short, he was perplexed by conflicting thoughts and sentiments. The Chevalier observed the embarrassment of his antagonist, and felt the necessity of immediately relieving him. Resuming the evidence article by article, he endeavoured to soften it down, and at the same time to avoid compromising the witness by blank denials. His plan succeeded. The charges became more and more feeble, till, at length, the whole evidence rested on a few unimportant assertions, which, there was reason to hope, might be satisfactorily refuted. The sitting terminated; but such was the terror with which the witness was seized, that he had not courage to unclothe the hand in which he held the note. He passed the drawbridge of the Bastille, and wandered through almost every street in Paris, like a criminal, dreading the glance of every one he met. It was not until he reached the Pont-Royal that he ventured, by stealth, to cast his eyes on the note. Within the first envelope were written these words: "If you faithfully and speedily deliver the enclosed note according to its address, your fortune is made." The inner note was directed to a lady, the intimate friend of the Chevalier, requesting her to take charge of, and to suppress, certain letters which might prove of the utmost injury to his cause. The commission was punctually fulfilled, and the witness received the promised reward.

The above were not the only extraordinary circumstances attending the fate of the M. M. de Belle-Isle. When the evidence against them was at an

end, the two brothers were granted somewhat more freedom, and also the permission of living together. By means of secret communications, they had agreed with a friend that, if their sentence should be unfavourable, they were to be warned of it by the firing of a certain number of guns. One day, as they were walking together on one of the ramparts of the prison, they heard the signal, and the fatal number of guns announced their irrevocable condemnation. They descended mournfully, and retired to their gloomy apartment. In a few moments, their friend rushed in to inform them of their acquittal. On enquiring into the cause of the mistake, it was found to have been occasioned by a gun-maker of the Fanbourg St. Antoine, who happened that day to be making trial of some of his guns.

After their liberation, the most brilliant fortune attended the two prisoners. The Chevalier was created a Count, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general: after distinguishing himself honourably in the service of his country, he was killed at the attack of Col-de-l'Assiette, in the year 1746. His elder brother, who is celebrated for many acts of valour and military skill, particularly for the retreat of Prague, was created a Duke, a Peer and Marechal of France, and died minister of war in 1761. At the commencement of the seven years' war, he had the misfortune to lose his only son, the Count de Gisors, a young officer of the greatest promise. Thus perished the last branches of the family of the Intendant. Like him they possessed all the brilliant qualifications necessary for the success of ambitious projects; and they were memorable examples of the frowns and favours of fortune,

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

This beautifully turned compliment is taken from a Polish journal: a higher eulogy could hardly be pronounced on the hero of the tale: "Kosciusko once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and as he hesitated to send

them by his servant lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave

him his purse at the same time. Kosciuszko asking what he meant, he answered, 'As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands

still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make believe give something, in order to satisfy the horse.' "

(Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1821.)

OVERLAND NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

WE have been favoured with a Letter from a gentleman connected with the Overland Northern Expedition, from which we select some interesting passages, relative to the severity of Winter. It is dated "*Athabasca Lake, * June 6, 1820.*"

"My last informed you of my being on the point of departure for this place: the journey, a distance of 800 miles, was performed in two months. I need not describe to you, who are such a general reader, the mode of travelling, with dogs and sledges; nor mention the inconveniences produced by the severity of a North American winter; but I will bear my testimony to the painful initiation into the daily practice of walking on snow shoes, the misery of pained ankles and galled feet, which a novice has invariably to contend against, and which patience and perseverance alone will enable him to surmount; they were my companions for 7 or 8 days; afterwards I felt no inconvenience.

"You can easily imagine the pleasure a traveller feels at arriving at his encampment

under such circumstances. This you will probably suppose to be a sheltered place, whereas its preparation simply consists in clearing away the snow on the ground, and placing thereon branches of pine, on which the party spread their blankets, coats, &c. and sleep in comfort, with a large fire at their feet, tho' the thermometer be 40 degrees below Zero, and with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. Here the Voyageur soon forgets his fatigues and cares, and having supped, lolls, stretched at his ease, listening with pleasure to the various narratives of his experienced companions, who usually expatiate at length on the never-failing subject of past adventures.

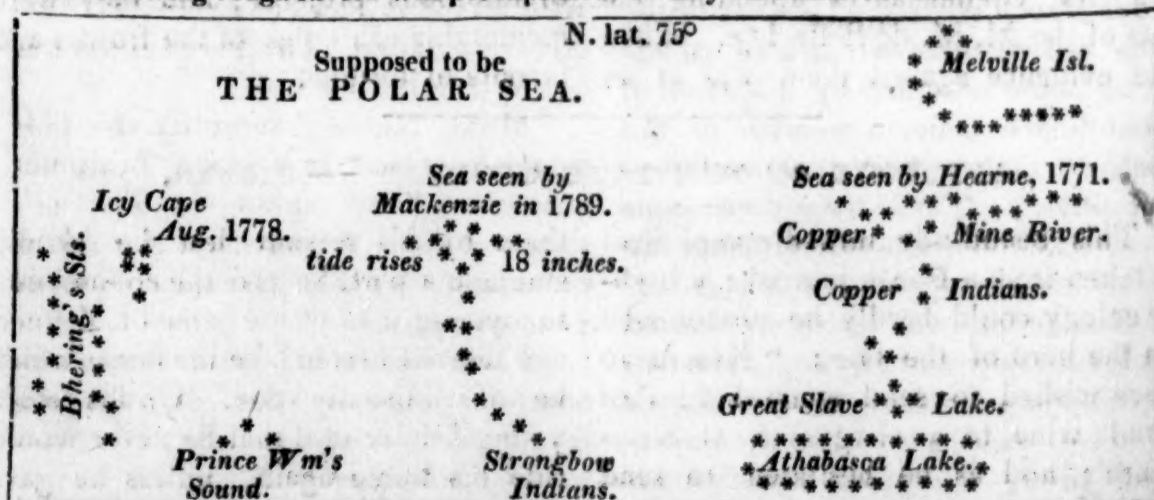
"No men are better adapted for this service than the Canadians; they are active, and quite equal to any fatigue, and tho' fond of eating to an extreme, yet can they bear hunger with patience, and to this melancholy inconvenience the people here are frequently exposed. Instances have been related of their having gone three or four days

* Athabasca Lake is situate in 59° N. lat.; and extends from 100 to 115 W. long. It is surrounded by the dreary wilds of North America, which is solely inhabited by savage tribes of Indians. In these desolate and dreary regions, "universal stillness," as the writer of the annexed letter observes, "reigns over-vein mistress for six successive months."

Athabasca Lake is bounded by the Ochipeway Indians and the Great Slave Lake on the North; by the Peace River, the Caribou Mountains, and the Strongbow Indians on the West; the Great Athabasca River on the South; and by the dismal and solitary wilds of America, on the East. Hudson's Bay is about 1000 miles East of Athabasca Lake, and that great extent of territory is almost uninhabited and unknown.

The mouth of Copper River is 12 deg. N. of Athabasca Lake, at the termination of the Stony Mountains. If our traveller should reach there, he might travel over the ice two or three hundred miles, and arrive at Melville Island, where Capt. Parry wintered. Discoveries have also been effected by land in the parallel of long. 135 deg. W. as high N. as 69 d. where the sea and fluctuations of the tide have been observed; so that we may reasonably infer, that the Polar Sea, described in our last volume, extends as far W. as 165 deg. which has already been navigated by the way of Bhering's Straits. We sincerely hope, that the next expedition will remove all doubts on this interesting subject, and we entertain the most sanguine expectations of a successful result.

The following rough sketch will perhaps more clearly elucidate our observations.



without food; and their supply is always uncertain at posts where animals or fish are scarce, when unfavourable weather prevents the hunters & fishermen from obtaining them.

"I had a great treat on my route in seeing the huge and shapeless buffalo (or bison of Buffon) and witnessing the different methods of obtaining them. The most dextrous way is, when a well mounted rider dashes at a herd, singles out an animal, which he contrives to separate from the rest, and by managing his horse keeps him apart, and whenever he can get sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the hide, he fires, though going at full speed, and seldom fails of bringing down his mark. The principal dangers on this service are, either that his horse will fall into some of the numerous holes which the badgers make; or that the enraged animal should turn furiously round when wounded, and gall his horse, or succeed in dismounting him. Whenever the hunter perceives this disposition, which the experienced man can tell, he instantly pulls up, and pursues some other means of attack. When the herd are particularly on their guard, horses cannot be used. The rider then dismounts, and crawls towards the herd thro' the snow, taking care to remain motionless when any of them are looking towards him. By this cautious manner of proceeding, the hunter generally succeeds in getting very near them, and singles out one or two of the best. You will easily imagine this service cannot be very agreeable, when mercury will freeze, which is often the case. The Indians have another method, by constructing a pound. The prin-

cipal dexterity in this consists in getting the animals once to enter the roadway; fear then urges them on, and many men are stationed at the head to dispatch them.

"In the countries where these animals chiefly resort (grassy plains) the natives are much more independent than the others; having food and clothing easy to be provided. They are often indifferent to most European articles of commerce. The baneful traffic of spirits and tobacco, with some trinkets, form their only purchases.

"The Nations southward of this have suffered much this year from the prevailing diseases which have raged among them, and carried off many, especially children. They have now generally recovered their strength but not their spirits, which are greatly depressed on the loss of relatives. There was an instance of keen sensibility exhibited here a few days ago by a whole tribe, which would scarcely be expected in such uninformed minds; they declined to pitch their tents this season on a spot where they had long been accustomed to do, for fear the circumstance should revive the moments of grief they had all experienced in the loss of many relations, or the place should remind them of past pleasures in the society of friends whom they were never to see again. This race of men, Chipeywans, are a mild, timid set of persons, excellently described in Hearne and Mackenzie's Voyages.

"The Aurora Borealis is occasionally very fine, and of the most variable kind, both in motion and colours."

ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

(European Magazine.)

COUNT ORLOFF'S DIVORCE.

'SO, so! always the can in the hand!—Tap Coroni!—My master pays for all!—These exclamations uttered by a shrill voice, interrupted continually the studies and the revels of two clerks in the service of M. Brailardet, the most learned and successful advocate in Paris. They proceeded from a magpie whose cage hung at the bed-chamber-window of an adjoining house occupied by a *scavant* of extraordinary fame, a member of the Academy, and an occasional practitioner of physic. These three pretensions united made the Docteur Grostete no very amicable neighbour to the Advocate Brailardet, who heartily abhorred both philosophy and physic. His two young pupils partook of their instructor's prejudices, especially when the impertinent startling interposed observations not always convenient. They meditated revenge, and had practised sundry

small jeux d'esprit without either removing or amending their tormentor's household-spy, whose mistress was the fair young wife of the philosopher. In the evening of a day devoted to a glorious display of science in the Academy, M. Grostete was suddenly arrested, and conveyed to the bureau of the lieutenant of police, who received him with all the mysterious dignity of a secret examination. The first question was

'Where is your wife?'

'Mons. Sartine,' returned the philosopher—'that is a point I cannot answer—I know nothing—there is nothing certain—Where she was when I came forth is not in the same tense as your query.'

'I am answered,' said the lieutenant of police:—'this equivocation is a proof by inference. Sir, I demand to know who you are?'

'Really, M. Lieutenant, this is no credit to your omniscience. Sir, every

body knows me—I am the *Sieur Grostete*, lecturer of the Academy, professor of moral and natural philosophy, and——’

‘You are,’ interposed the minister, ‘a spy and an alien—your wife is an ex-princess—are you not ashamed to practise in this manner the monstrous dictates of your state-policy?’

‘State-policy,’ answered *Grostete*, nothing daunted, ‘is, as you say, connected with the domestic discipline fixed by every husband in his own house. Every man is an unit in the great sum, a brick in the building; and I have done my part in establishing good government in my own citadel; for I have lodged my *soi-disant* wife in the *Conciergerie*.’

‘We are not now to learn Count *Orloff*’s notions of government,’ retorted *Sartine*, ‘and we shall see how far they may be safely practised in his most Christian Majesty’s dominions. The Princess *Sophia* has appealed to us for protection, and we know also what is due to an exile, a persecuted wife, and a branch of the Imperial family.’

The philosophic husband made a pause, during which his face acquired a curious resemblance to his countryman’s cork model of the *Glaciers*,—‘A branch of the imperial family!—Monsieur, I grant it—We all belong to the sovereign and unsubduable race of Adam—but if being duly and decently sequestered is exile and persecution, then his most Christian Majesty must provide for my wife himself.’

‘He intends it, Monsieur *Grostete*, since you are pleased with that name; and I require you to consider yourself in my custody till we hear farther.’

The physician was lodged in prison without waiting for the interposition of his friends, who had indeed so many doubts of his sanity, that none offered to appear. He prevailed on the *Ex-empt* who attended him to take a billet to his wife, bitterly deploring the tyranny of the French police, and demanding her instant appearance to rescue

him from an unmerited accusation. The reply was brought in a few hours, not to him, but to the Lieutenant *Sartine*, who used his official privilege in breaking the seal; and having ordered *Grostete* into his presence, caused it to be read aloud to him. It was couched in these terms:*

‘Your highness has thought proper to assume the authority of a husband, without deigning to recollect that I have the privileges of a wife to insist upon your protection and respect.

‘From my cradle, as you well know, I was destined to high fortunes. Presumptive heiress to the throne of Russia, my only crime appears to have been, the hatred of her who sat upon it. Can I not appeal to facts, if your highness’s memory is no less precarious than your faith? To the boat prepared to sink with me—to the poison invented for my beverage—to the firebrands secreted in your houses—Less fortunate than the princes of my family, I am destined to perish obscurely, and among menials.

‘Sir, your own hand is my evidence. You dare not look on the writing enclosed in this without confessing your dark purpose against an aggrieved princess, though still your faithful wife,

‘*SOPHIA, Princess of Mecklenberg.*’

This scroll enclosed contained few, but mysterious, words—

‘I. Shall I marry or shall I kill.—II. I will marry—I will kill.—III. Marry and kill in a new way.—IV. Neither marry nor kill yet.—V. Kill or be killed.’

Our *Scavant* interrupted the minister’s reading in a transport of ire, ‘Felons and idiots!—have you dared to devastate the plot of my new tragedy?—a plot constructed according to our new academical rules?’

‘That evasion shall not serve you, M. *Orloff*,’ answered *Sartine*: ‘your august spouse did well to send this written testimony of your guilty medi-

* Soon after the death of *Ivan, Prince of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz*, a young person, supposed to be his sister *Sophia*, was married by the policy of the Empress Catherine to her favourite *Orloff*. She disappeared almost immediately after.

tations—this polograph of a plot. And she is not less entitled to my official help because she is a native of another country, and condemned to surrender her hereditary right in it after the cruel death of her brother.’

‘The woman has drunk of Tiberius Cavallo’s exhilarating gas!’ ejaculated the husband. ‘Her brother was a mason in Basle, and her father’s effigy is among the sundry figures in the cathedral representing the trades of the city. I appeal to any *sçavant*—ay, to the president of our Academy himself—to decide if there is not the figure of a fat baker kneading dough in the fifteenth niche of the cathedral, carved in wood?—The wood itself was bought of her grandfather.’

‘Prince,’ interposed Braillardet, presenting himself before the accused in the pomp of his official robe, ‘it does not become the *ci-devant* favourite of a great princess to use such subterfuges. All Europe knows you married the Lady Sophia to please your sovereign; and she made your very obedience a pretext to dismiss you. Greater men have fallen, and become exiles. From the days of Belisarius, it has been the lot of generals and statesmen to receive ingratitude, but you have done more than any, for you have encumbered yourself with a wife.’

‘Cumbered myself!’ reiterated the Doctor, in a fury—‘I am cumbered with ill neighbours, who hate me because they ruin the living, and I only end them. M. Braillardet, this would not have happened if you did not envy me the honour of putting your clients safe out of your reach.’

‘Your highness altogether mistakes me,’ replied the Advocate, bowing; ‘I meant to say, you have deserved the eternal gratitude of your empress by marrying for her benefit. As to the disguise her policy has obliged you to take, it is no offence to the state or to me. A bad physician rids the state of superfluous members, and the law of ill humours. When a man applies to medicine, his law-suit is nearly ended.’

‘But,’ added the Lieutenant of Police, ‘your highness needs a good ad-

vocate if your wife establishes her charge of attempted assassination. I appeal, M. Braillardet, to your experience in the law—Need I desire more circumstantial evidence? We have all heard how Prince Orloff’s bride was decoyed into a boat only two days after her marriage; and when it split by his contrivance, he swam himself to the shore. He avows that he still keeps the boat, has prepared a stock of poisons, and wears about his person a provision for the act of an incendiary.’

‘Sartine!’ interrupted Grostete, ‘thou hast taken the syrup of scolopendra to make thee wiser, and it has made thee mad. What have I to do with the she-emperor of Russia? or the fifteenth cousin of her grand-aunt Ann? What know I of Sophia of Mecklenberg, or the coxcomb-ruffian Orloff?—Attempt assassination!—I have no boat but one I devised for a cold bath—no poison but the drugs of Professor Menadous; and no fire-brands except those thy demoniacal clerks inserted into the curls of my peruke to explode while I lectured—but I took care to avoid the candles.’

‘A confession! a confession!’ echoed the minister and the lawyer, adding, ‘Wilt thou now deny who thy wife is, and who thou art thyself?’

‘I will neither confess nor deny any thing,’ said the philosophic physician—‘for there is no man certain what he is. But thus much I will say for my wife—that she hath been divorced by the Chevalier De Morges, wedded again to an opera-maker, and again, as she saith, to an operator on wood called a carpenter. If she be a princess, she is not my wife, for I married Sophie Boileduc, a laundress in St. Madelaine’s, and if I am her husband, she hath also three others.’

De Sartine laughed at this description of a woman who had alarmed the court of Russia by her pretensions: Braillardet, however, chose to avail himself of the opportunity to shew his eloquence, and revenge himself on his neighbour.—On the day of trial, half Paris poured itself into the court, and poor Grostete, without much surprise,

saw himself confronted, on his wife's part, by one of the ablest lawyers at the French bar.

'I take leave,' said the pleader for Sophia, 'to state, messieurs, what we are going to examine. Here is a suit instituted by a noble lady against her husband for malice and false imprisonment, not without strong symptoms of conspiracy against her life. He defends himself by asserting, that she is, or has been, the wife of four husbands, and he cites three here to prove it. We have heard the oaths of the Chevalier De Morges, the ballet-master Castanet, and the operative dealer in wood. Messieurs, what is all this to the purpose? First, what is the relation of marriage?—A convention to torment both parties, and therefore more advantageously changed than kept; and if it is a convention to benefit them, it cannot be repeated too often. This is the rule of our most enlightened philosophy; but if you tell me it is unlawful to violate this institution, where is the measure of the punishment?—The Indians allot a fire, the Hottentots a rod, the Abyssinians a needle, and the Hollanders a cask. Which of these is the justest punishment, for it seems no nation has quite agreed with its neighbour?—Besides, may not these four husbands be mistaken?—Has nobody else fair hair, large eyes, and a rich complexion? Messieurs, there is no proof that they have sworn the truth; and even if they think they swore truly, that is no argument of the fact. I, for my part am ready to swear, that my client has dark eyebrows, black eyes, and no complexion at all; and I defy any man present to prove that he thinks as I do, which is a manifestation how opinions may differ. Further, I tell my client's husband, that he has made no charge whatever against his wife. He says, she is an impostor, and deceives the public. That is false, for the public are not deceived when they judge for themselves. He says she is not the Princess of Mechlenberg, because she is the daughter of a baker, the discarded property of a dancing-master, the associate of a dealer

in wooden tools. I will prove from Homer, and Thucydides, not to mention our own immortal Encyclopedia, that princesses have baked in kitchens, danced among slaves, and helped even to hew wood and draw water in better days than these. But these things offend modern nations:—Messieurs, if they are not offended, where is the offence?—If manners are not the question, and morals are out of the question, there is no question at all.'

At this point of his oration an assistant of the court whispered something into Brailardet's ear which suspended his eloquence: but after a minute's pause, he renewed it amidst the loud acclamations of the audience.

'Messieurs, you have yet heard only the pleadings of a minor rhetorician. Let me offer in behalf of my aggrieved and oppressed client, the apology prepared for her by our apostle of reason and philosophy. Hear his own prophetic words, and blame her, if you can, for realizing them.

* "In these days there will appear in France a very extraordinary person from the banks of a lake. He will tell us we are all knaves and villains, yet he will come to live among us. He will say all the people where he was born were virtuous, yet he will not stay among them. He will publish that there is no virtue so great as among savages, yet he knows nothing about them; and advises us to go without clothes, though he accepts laced ones himself when he can get them. This philosopher says romances corrupt morals, and he begins by writing one himself, in which he shews a lady so well taught by a philosopher, that she thanks him even for making himself ridiculous. She shall marry an atheist, and be bold enough to introduce her lover to her husband, who when this wise lover has proved that a man ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress, shall convince him it is not worth his while. They shall sail together in a boat by themselves, and the philosopher shall call it philosophy and virtue to think of drowning her and himself.

* Voltaire's Prophecy concerning Rousseau, published in 1761.

The lady shall have a few trees and a rivulet near her villa, and shall call it Elysium: she shall sup and dance among her harvest people, and cut hemp with them till the philosopher longs to cut hemp all the days of his life. She shall sit on her death-bed praising herself for all kinds of virtues: and while she decks herself like a coquet, dies like a saint."

'This is the philosopher we have all praised even to worship, and he worships himself because having shewn us all the vice imaginable, he talks of nothing but virtue. Shall we, the disciples of this man, wonder at the fruits of his doctrine? Is it wonderful that we have found women ready to outrage decency, and call it a matter of mere opinion—and men very well pleased to prove that circumstances justify any thing? I take the matter as it stands according to our own prophet's system. My client is accused of nothing—it is all philosophy and virtue on her part; but she humbly hopes what is so sublime will not be thought less admirable in a baker's daughter. Surely we who

are so well convinced that there is no real distinction among men, no respect due to rank, no value in royalty, will be glad to find that this illustrious pupil of our philosophy is one of the most vulgar; her husband a poor quack, and her other husband (I beg pardon for using that insignificant name) an useful labourer on wood. This enlightened and benevolent woman, having collected all the money and jewels she could beg or borrow among the good people of Paris, has eloped, leaving us to consider whether we chuse to honour her most as Sophia of Mecklenberg, or as the wife of four honest husbands.'

This declaration astounded the court, but it was true. The impostor had taken good care to decamp with her plunder; and the chevalier, the baker, the ballet-master, and the quack, were left to congratulate each other on their release. While the honest people of Paris comforted themselves for having been thus egregiously duped, by laughing at the trouble she had given two counsellors and a minister of state.

V.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

FLORES POETICI, NO. I.

— The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

THE aspects of external nature form a never-failing feast to the mind of the poet. In the contemplation of a cultivated valley, he feels a calm and tranquil delight; and every breeze that waves the ripening grain, awakens in his mind a train of delightful associations—the industry of man, and the return, which is to render him joyful. In the waving of a tree he discovers an image of graceful beauty—in the opening blossoms of a flower, a picture of innocent loveliness—in the murmur of the stream he hears the echo of tranquillity—and surveys, in the golden clouds of sunset, a spectacle of grandeur and magnificence. Amid the mountainous solitude, where nought is to be seen but bleak rocks, precipitous

craggs, and savage desolation; and nought heard save the murmur of the distant torrent, his associations kindle into sublimity, and his feelings transport him into the melancholy wastes of imagination. The summer heaven, in its serene and cloudless azure, sinks into his soul an emblem of tranquil repose: while the mustering of the autumnal tempest impresses his spirit like a dark foreboding, and spreads over his thoughts the shadows of despondency.

The associations of a poet are wider than those of any other man, and his feelings are deeper. He takes an interest in things that to all other beings are indifferent; and sees a meaning in the silent works of nature, which to all others "are as a book sealed."

The objects on which a true poet delights most to expatiate, are those of innocence and beauty; such as waken feelings, which may be indulged without regret, and which tend to elevate our ideas of the lofty destiny of man. In his communications with the world, in his commerce with society, many things tend to strike him with chagrin, and to fret his temper. His thoughts are not as their thoughts, and the thirst of fame is more congenial to his ideas than the love of riches; but in the prospect of a landscape, he perceives images of beauty and delight offering themselves to his unsated gaze, "without money and without price;" silent beneath the cope of a still heaven, or stirred into a beautiful agitation by its breezes. It is harsh and unfeeling to say that many of the objects on which he lavishes his praise, are worthless and insignificant—that the grace of a youthful figure was made to fall away into the decrepitude of old age—that the leaves were destined to fade, the flowers to wither, and the weeds to be cut down.

On the contrary, it is with feelings of grateful delight that we can behold Shakspeare, after he has fathomed, with a masterly reach, the depths of the human soul, dived into the recesses of our nature, and laid before us the reflected picture of our thoughts, passions, feelings, and affections—open his heart to the genial impulses of simple nature; and, as if his soaring spirit had never accustomed itself to other intercourse, luxuriate amid its innocent beauties, and rifle its sweets with an eloquence like the following,—it is from "The Winter's Tale." Perdita says,

—"Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The marygold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Camillo. I should leave grazing were I of your flock.

And only live by gazing.

Perdita. But alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you thro' and thro'. Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might

Become your time o' day. O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, you let fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower de lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strew him o'er and o'er."

And Milton, in a poem, which is unquestionably among the mightiest productions of the human mind, and which is unrivalled for the long continued sublimity of its elevation; which divulges the secret mysteries of heaven and hell, and draws aside the veil of eternity, as if he were at times unconscious of his own mighty efforts and achievements, descends to the simplest images of pastoral description, and lavishes the attention he had just bestowed in the delineation of a celestial messenger, on the portraiture of flowers and shrubs. Witness the bower of Eve.

"The roof

Of thickest covert, was inwoven; shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground."

Nor less exquisite is the following passage from *Lycidas*.

"Return, Sicilian muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds and gushing brooks;
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks—
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy, freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."

Satirical poetry, we have always considered as the very lowest that can lay any claim to the appellation. It is pleasing and gratifying to think that Prior, one of the most admirable satirists that ever lived, could yet have an eye to the beauties of nature, so acutely alive, as to enable him to pen a description like the following :—

" I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade ;
While towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies ;
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun, why does the *Caltha* fade ?
Why does the *cypress* flourish in the shade ?
The *fig* and *date*, why love they to remain
In middle station, and on even plain ;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found ;
And while the hill with *olive* shade is crown'd ?
Why does one climate, and one soil endure
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue ;
Yet leave the *lily* pale, and tinge the *violet* blue ?
Why does the fond *carnation* love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root ;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak ?
The twining *jessamine*, and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose,
The smelling *tub'rose* and *jonquil* declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air ?
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power ?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
breath,
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death ?
Whence does it happen that the plant which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel ?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand ?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread.
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil ;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The *cowslip* smiles—in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast,
A fairer red stands blushing in the *rose*,
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest *lily* of the field ;
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must, by sure comparison, be shewn
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes, and types of power,
Shines with less glory, than that simple flower."

This may be contrasted with Cowper's admirable lines on the variety of the tint in the foliage of forest trees, in the first book of the Task.

L ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

—" Attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs,
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours ; nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright."

If this assemblage of trees be fine, still finer, we think, is the assemblage of flowering shrubs, which he has collected and contrasted together ; so distinctly and admirably are they painted, that the diversified hues and odours of each, are as if present to the senses.

Laburnum, rich

In streaming gold ; *Syringa* ivory pure ;
The scented and the seentle rose ; this red,
And of an humbler growth ; the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all.
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never cloying odours, early and late ;
Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies cloathing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
Althea with the purple eye ; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all,
The jasmine—throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

We commenced our extracts with an enumeration of flowers, and shall conclude them by two others of equal value. Earnestly would we rejoice were all the writings of Shelly as exquisite and innocent as the following lines :—

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where ;
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Thro' their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tuberosé,
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden, in perfect prime."

Of all contemporary authors, we do not know any one who has painted the aspects of nature with a more faithful and felicitous pencil than Southey. In this respect, his works abound with passages, whose merit is above all praise. His forests wave, and his waters gleam before us. We almost hear the rustling of the leaves, and the murmuring of the stream. His delineation of objects renders them all but palpable. We perceive their colour, and form, and consistence, so exactly and distinctly, we almost imagine we could touch them. As a man of imagination and genius, he has few equals ; though his flights are, perhaps, less original than the re-casting of other thoughts in the mould of a powerful will. In

Thalaba he leads us from the burning sands of the desert, to the regions of eternal frost ; and after alluding to

"The beautiful fields
Of England, where amid the growing grass
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
In the merry month of May"—

We find him equally at home in the description of the luxurious beauty of an Asiatic garden.

"Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures rainbow-hued arose ;
And rich pavilions thro' the opening woods
Gleam'd from their wavy curtains sunny gold ;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Flow'd streams of liquid light ;
And fluted cypresses rear'd high
Their living obelisks.

And broad-leaved plane-trees in long colonnades
O'erarched delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrill'd vine,
Wound up, and hung the boughs with greener wreaths
And clusters not their own.

Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes
Return for rest ? Beside him teems the earth
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd ;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;

And here, amid her sable eup,
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night ;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd Henna, and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill'd the breeze,
As Peris to their sister bear,

When from the summit of some lofty tree,
She hangs, encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,
And, as her enemies impure,

From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.

Such odours flow'd upon the world,
When at Mahommed's nuptials, word
Went forth in heaven, to roll

The everlasting gate of Paradise
Back on its living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below ; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom ; and the family
Of man, for once, partook one general joy."

We heartily commiserate the man whose heart is not alive to the beauties of external nature ; and in whom the alternation of day and night, and the vicissitude of the seasons, awaken no feeling of delight and admiration. Assuredly to such a one, the key to a mighty volume of exquisite pleasure is a-wanting. Assuredly to him some of the most dignified trains of human association are as "a book sealed."

BIOGRAPHY OF SINGULAR CHARACTERS

RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE SULTANA VALIDE, MOTHER OF THE
PRESENT SULTAN.

OUR readers know that nothing is more difficult than to penetrate the mysteries of the seraglio of the Grand Signor. Some remarkable particulars have, however, lately transpired respecting the Sultana Valide, who died not long since. She was of a French family, born at Martinique. Her parents sent her to France at the age of fourteen, on board a merchantman of Marseilles. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar, the vessel was attacked and captured by a pirate, which took the crew and passengers as slaves to Algiers. The beautiful Creole was purchased by a merchant, who carried his valuable acquisition to Smyrna. Meantime news was received in France of the loss of this interesting young person; a relation who filled one of the highest posts in the department of the marine, and who was in high favour with the prime minister the Duc de Choiseul, discovered, after many enquiries, the place where Aline was held in slavery. The minister then commissioned the French consul to offer a considerable sum to ransom the handsome slave, and to restore her to the arms of a mother, who was inconsolable for her loss. The Armenian, satisfied with the ransom, was ready to accept the sum, and the consul already announced the happy result of his zeal and his negociation, when Aline, from a caprice which her friends were very far from expecting, rendered all the measures useless which they had taken to procure her liberty. It is well known that the negroes, like all ignorant and superstitious people, have great faith in divination and fortune-telling. An old negress, a sybil respected by the blacks, and, it is said, in no little credit with the whites, had predicted to the charming Creole, that she would one day become one of the

greatest princes in the world. Aline recollecting this flattering prophecy, which her looking-glass farther confirmed, resolved to follow all the chances which destiny seemed to prepare for her. It was in vain that solicitations were employed, that remonstrances were lavished to make her renounce a resolution which could not but appear extravagant: the hope of a crown triumphed over all the considerations that were suggested to her, and Aline remained in slavery, which was to be for her the way to a throne.

The event soon justified her brilliant hopes. A rich and ambitious Turk, struck with her graces determined to purchase her and present her to the Sultan, who very soon noticed the young Odalisque. From the favour of the handkerchief to the honours of the favourite Sultana, the interval was not long; and the birth of a prince whom she gave to the Ottoman empire, in 1784, raised to the highest pitch the power of the Sultana Valide. From that time she enjoyed in the seraglio an ascendancy which she retained till her death, and the influence of which has gloriously extended beyond the tomb, in the person of her son, the reigning Sultan.

Several Frenchmen attached to the embassy of Count Choiseul Gouffier, were acquainted with the origin and the power of Aline; her relations were apprised of her exalted destiny: but the suspicious etiquette of the seraglio always prevented every communication. The grandeur of the Sultana Valide did not change the affection of her family for this interesting branch of it; the memory of Aline has been perpetuated in it; a young person, beautiful as the first Aline, modest as herself, bears this romantic name—without aspiring however to the honours of the seraglio.

HENRY ANDREWS, OF ROYSTON.

THE late *Henry Andrews*, of Royston, the celebrated calculator, was born at Frieston, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, of poor parents. At the age of 6 years he would frequently stand in his shirt, looking at the moon out of the chamber window, at midnight; and when about 10 years of age, he used to fix a table on Frieston Green, in clear frosty nights, and set a telescope thereon to view the stars. Soon after, he would sit for weeks together by the fire-side, with a table spread full of books, making astronomical calculations. At a suitable age he was sent from home to earn his living, and the first situation he filled was at Sleaford, as servant to a shopkeeper; after this he went to Lincoln, to wait upon a lady, and during this servitude used, at every opportunity, to make weather-glasses and weather-houses. His last situation of this kind was in the service of J. Verinum, esq.; and his master, finding him so intent on study, allowed him two or three hours every day for that purpose. On the 1st of April, 1764, he went to Aswerby Hall, the seat of Sir Christopher Whitchcote, to view the great eclipse of the sun, which was visible on that day, where a number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled for that purpose; and as he had previously calculated a type of this eclipse, he presented the same to the company, shewing them the manner of its appearance in a dark room upon a board, and after it was over, they unanimously declared that his calculations came nearer the truth than any given in the Almanacks.

A short time after this period he opened a school at Bassingthorpe, near Grantham, and afterwards engaged as an usher in a clergyman's boarding school, at Stilton. He then settled in Cambridge, where he proposed to reside, in the expectation that he might derive some advantage in prosecuting his studies, from the men of science in the university; but the noise and bustle of the town not being agreeable to him, he left Cambridge, and came to reside at Royston, where he opened a school at the age of 23 years, and at this place continued, as schoolmaster and bookseller, until the day of his death, which happened, after a short illness, on the 26th of January, 1820, at the age of 76 years, having enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health till his last illness. He had a very extraordinary genius for astronomy, which he cultivated through life; for more than 40 years he was a computer of the NAUTICAL EPHEMERIS,* and compiler of Moore's Almanack, published by the Stationer's Company, for the same period.† He was greatly esteemed for his integrity, talents, and modesty, by every scientific man who was personally acquainted with him, or with whom he had been connected, particularly by the late Astronomer Royal (Dr. Maskelyne,) who valued him much, and who, in relation to the Nautical Ephemeris, was in constant correspondence with him for nearly half a century; and also Dr. Charles Hutton, under whose superintendence he made the astronomical calculations of the Stationers' Almanacks.

* Since he ceased, from increase of age, to be the calculator of this ephemeris, it has fallen into discredit at home and abroad.

† The sale of Moore's Almanack, in his hands, rose to 430,000 copies per annum—yet honest Andrews never got above £25 for his labours! This prodigious circulation arose from the astrological predictions with which the worthy calculator was required to fill it, and with which it is allowed to be filled, though printed for a public company, and revised and sanctioned at Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury! Andrews himself laughed as much at his own predictions, and their success, as any one of the most enlightened of his readers; but the circulation of the Almanacks depended on their insertion, and he was expected to supply them, or lose his employment. Of course he predicted *secundum artem*, and followed his books and the stars, which indicated events in various ratios of probability; and if one in ten came true, it satisfied the superstition, folly, and credulity of the dupes of dreams, omens, signs, and prophecies, who were his readers, and who, in spite of education and philosophy, still constitute a majority of this great nation.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

DISCRETION.

THE late Lord Mansfield, no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman, whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of peace, as he was conscious of his want of legal knowledge? "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty, and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision, for they may be disputable."

....

THE EXPLANATION

When the late Doctors P. and S., eminent physicians, were on a shooting party, they missed every shot for some time. The gamekeeper requested leave to follow the last covey now on the wing, adding—"for I will soon *doctor* them." "What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P., "by doctoring them?" "Why kill them, to be sure," replied the impetuous rustic.

....

An old Indian Chief who was in the fatal expedition with the British army under General Braddock, when he besieged Ticonderoga, and formed part of the detachment which General Washington saved, dined with the American Fabius, at Mount Vernon in Virginia; after the repast, the savage hero indicated signs of disappointment, if not disgust. When the venerable General inquired, by the interpreter, the cause of his chagrin, the savage stood erect, and told his illustrious host, that some years ago, when he was in the Indian castle, he, the savage had offered him the embraces of his *Squaw*; and he was wonderfully surprised that the General had not returned this instance of civility, by a similar offer of Mrs. Washington. The General excused himself, by averring that it was not the custom of his country. As Mrs. W. who was present, understood the tenor of the de-

mand, she became much agitated with terror, which the Indian perceiving, he told her with manly dignity, that she had nothing to fear; as, if the General had complied, he should only have walked up to her to signify his right to this sort of hospitable courtesy, and then bowing have resigned her to her white chief.

....

In a translation of Hippocrates, is the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithstanding the great name of the Counsellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length." Ignatius Loyola, who, to preserve the shape of his boot, had a considerable part of his leg bone sawed off, would have been a docile patient of the sage Hippocrates.

....

EPITAPHS.

I have often wished these false records of the deceased were written upon oath. We should then have less falsehood in compositions wherein truth would be so desirable and useful, and our churches that boast of symmetry and good architecture, would not be so often disgraced by these sublime panegyrics. I have heard a friend, who loved punning even on such grave subjects, declare, that the only assertions which epitaphs in general could boast as true, were the initial words "Here lieth."

....

While Queen Ann was dressing, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. One of the ladies in waiting was ordered to bid Dr. Madox, Bishop of Wor-

cester, begin the service. He archly said, "a very pretty altar-piece is there, madam,"

The Queen one day changing her clothes, directed the Bishop to read the service in an adjoining room. The prelate was silent. The Queen sent to know the reason. The Bishop replied, He would not read the word of God, or rather *whistle* it through a key hole."

....

A RARE LEGATEE.

Cardinal Pole and a Venetian gentleman named Alostio Priuli, attracted much notice at Rome for their conformity in manners, reciprocal affection, and

delightful sympathy, which continued for a period of twenty-six years without interruption. The cardinal falling ill, and being told by his physicians that he would not recover, made his will, by which he made Priuli his sole heir; but such was the generosity of the Venetian, that he distributed the whole of it among the English kindred of his friend, saying, "While my friend, the cardinal, lived, we strove who should render the greatest benefits to each other; but by dying, he has got the start of me in kindness, in enabling me to do so much good to his relations in England."

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, BY T. CAMPBELL.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrongs you 're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quench'd appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

ABSENCE.

FROM THE SAME.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death.

Paragraphs.

From the English Magazines, &c. Feb. 1821.

NEW ROYAL SOCIETY.

Want of room last month compelled us to omit the following account of the proposed New Royal Society of Literature, instituted by his Majesty, "for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature. To consist of honorary members, subscribing members, and associates.

"The class of honorary members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day. An annual subscription of two guineas will constitute a subscribing member. Subscribers of ten guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription. The class of associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character; ten under the patronage of the King, and ten under the patronage of the society. His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed society, and to honour it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the sum of one hundred guineas each to ten of the associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas, for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the society. Ten associates will be placed under the patronage of the society, as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An annual subscriber of ten guineas, continued for five years, or a life subscription of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an associate, under the society's patronage, according to the date of their subscriptions. The associates under the patronage of the King, will be elected by respected and competent judges. The associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications, of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be approved by the same judges. Every associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the society's *Memoirs of Literature*, of which a volume will be published by the society, from time to time; in which *Memoirs* will likewise be inserted the successive prize dissertations. From the months of February to July, it is purposed that a weekly meeting of the society shall be held; and a monthly meeting during the other six months of the year."

His Majesty has it is said intrusted the formation of the institution to the learned and eminent Burgess, Bishop of St. David's.

We have obtained a copy of the first questions to be proposed: 1st. For the King's premium of 100 guineas: On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of

Homer. 2d. For the society's premium of fifty guineas: Dartmoor a poem. 3d. For the society's premium of twenty-five guineas: On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece, and on the differences between ancient and modern Greek.

....

GOR THUR, A NEW VARIETY OF THE WILD ASS.

The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General in India, has received as a present from the Nabob of Bhawalpur, a wild ass, of the species called *Gor Thur*, by the Indians. This beautiful animal is from 11 to 12 hands high, has long ears, black eyes, and is of a chamoise colour. He is not to be tamed, and in this and many other respects, he resembles the African Zebra. He is represented as a most finished model of beauty, agility and strength.

....

NEWLY DISCOVERED ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA.

M. Graner, a Major in the Swedish service, who set out last year to explore in the South Sea, a new route for merchant vessels from Chili to the East Indies, has discovered in that ocean a group of islands hitherto unknown to mariners. To the largest of them he has given the name of Oscar. It is to be regretted that the Swedish journals, from which this intelligence is extracted, furnish no details relative to the position of these islands.

....

MERMAID.

One of those natural curiosities, which some persons affect to believe does not exist, called a Mermaid, has arrived on board the *Borneo*, now lying in the Thames, from Bencoolen, in Sumatra. It is of a perfect human form from the head to the middle, and the rest consists of a tail of a fish resembling the dolphin.

....

POLAR EXPEDITION.

Most of the specimens of natural history, &c. from Lancaster's Sound, have been landed, and are either in the possession of private individuals, or deposited in public museums. The custom-house officers, four of whom, we believe, watched this transfer with lynx-eyed jealousy, had even assessed the upper bone of a whale's head, which we observed on the deck of the *Hecla*, and which, it was consequently said, would be thrown into the Thames! Yet this singular curiosity was brought from Melville Island, where it was found three quarters of a mile from the shore, and about fifty feet above the level of the sea, nearly embedded in the earth, where, in all probability, it had lain for many centuries. How it came into this situation is a problem not to be solved, except by the supposition, that these islands must formerly have been under the water: it required seven men to move it down to the ship. We al-

so saw the head of the musk-ox a model of compact strength. The bases of the horns are so broad as to cover all the upper portion of the skull above the eyes, and several inches in thickness, with slight grooves to the bend of the horn, when a smooth and fine curve is projected. Of these animals, only three males were shot. When the spring had advanced a little, they appeared in small droves on Melville Island, coming evidently over the ice from the American continent. The carcass of the first killed, and largest, weighed about 700lbs. or 570 without the entrails. They are, therefore, about the size of the cattle of the Scotch Highlands.* In ornithology, the most beautiful specimen is the king-duck, not only the pride of Arctic birds but decidedly the finest of the species, to which it belongs in the universe. We never beheld such exquisite marking as the head displays; and the colours are equally superb and uncommon. The figures seem cut out of the most elegant velvet, which the feathers resemble in form and substance. There is a skinny membrane above the bill, of a delicate lemon-tint, and all around is of hues as brilliant as fancy could conceive in a painted bird. Of the mineral productions, we have above twenty different varieties, from granite and gneiss of the primitive, to sand-stone and iron-stone of the secondary order. Several specimens of slate are among the number: a reddish granite, like that of Egypt, mica, grey limestone, marble, serpentine, quartz, stinkstone, madrepores, and a sort of bituminous slaty coal, which burns with a flame like Cannel-coal when put to the candle. Of this substance there was abundance; but it was not calculated to burn alone, so as to be advantageously used by our gallant countrymen, as the slate predominated over the mineral pitch. The mouse of Barrow's Sound was not the common mouse of Europe, but a distinct species; it was a sort of dun colour in summer, but turns white in winter. It abounds on Melville Island, and is supposed to form, during the hardest period of the year, a principal part of the food of the wolf. The greatest inconveniences experienced from the cold during the late expedition, were those felt in the sleeping-births, which, as usual, adjoined the ship's sides; and these, owing to the ice forming in the space between the bulwark and temporary side (about a foot within the former), were brought to a piercing temperature that struck through adjacent bodies. To remedy this in some degree, several of the officers let down their beds, so as to form something like sofas, towards their cabins; but in the new equipments for the next voyage, a general and much improved plan has been adopted. The births are all to be placed in the centre of the vessels, and the gangways are to pass round the sides. At the period when the sun had its greatest southern declination, there was perceptible from about half-past 11 A. M. to near 1 P. M. (by the by, our poor fellows had little of either *ante* or *post* meridian for several months) a glimmering of light, by which, turning the back to the south, and holding up the volume so as to receive the full benefit of the faint effulgence, aided by

the reflection from the snowy ground, it was possible to read the print of a small prayer-book. The moon was visible through the 24 hours, and shone with a splendour resembling our clearest frosty nights in winter. We have seen most of the specimens of vegetation (amounting to perhaps 30 genera), which, not to fatigue our readers with their botanical names, chiefly consists of mosses, grasses, and some flowers. Among the latter, we recognised the poppy, which grows to the height of seven or eight inches, and blossoms above the whitened surface—thus affording a standard whereby to judge of the general depth of the snow, and shedding a lonely enamel on the uniform desert. Another of the flowers resembles the cowslip, but has a different leaf. The lichens are various and pretty. One of the grasses seeds with a great profusion of cotton-like substance.

The new expedition, consisting of the *Hecia*, and the *Fury* bomb, of nearly the same tonnage, will sail about the end of May: its immediate object is not Lancaster's Sound, but Hudson's Bay, which it is appointed to explore to the North and North-west; to ascertain if any channel leads to Prince Regent's inlet, or other part of the seas traversed last year. The *Hecia* is to be again commanded by Captain Parry; the *Fury*, by Lieutenant Lyon, the African traveller, and companion of Ritchie, who has recently returned from that quarter of the globe, and announced his journey for publication. Mr. Fisher the Surgeon, is appointed to the *Hecia*. This able and meritorious officer is the same who is mentioned with so much distinction, in the account of the *Alceste's* Voyage to China. The *Fury* is fitting for the voyage. The temporary building over her deck is very similar to that put up while wintering in the North. Under such a shed, our brave tars regularly exercised in the most inclement weather, by moving rapidly round the deck. Strange it is to say, that the want of (clear) ice prevented them from the exercise of skating.

LITERARY.

Select Works of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Prefaces; by Dr. Aikin, in 10 vols. is published.

Austen Park, a tale, by J. Edmeston.

Picturesque Piety; or Scripture Truths, illustrated by 48 engravings, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar.

A New Series of Curiosities of Literature are announced, by J. D'ISRAELI, in 3 vols.

No less than THREE Weekly Literary Journals are now published in London.

1. The Literary Chronicle.
2. The Literary Gazette, and
3. The Independent.

And no less than TEN Quarterly Works now appear regularly.

1. The Edinburgh Review.
2. The Edinburgh Physical Journal.
3. The Quarterly Review.
4. Brande's Journal.
5. Brewster's Journal.
6. The Classical Journal.
7. The British Review.
8. The Annals of Oriental Literature.
9. The London Journal of Science.
10. The Quarterly Musical Review.

* The engraving in Shaw's Zoology is not like the animal; the print of the female has more resemblance to the male.